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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1934 NUMBER 1027

Contents

The Week 328

Editorials

Austria and After 331
The Press as Strikebreaker 333
Free Speech and the Archbishop 334

General Articles

Anti-Social Philanthropy ..... Jonathan Daniels 335
Prisoner of the Nazis ..... Anonymous 337
Drought ..... Raymond Kresensky 340
Old Acquaintance (verse) ..... Mark Van Doren 340
An English Miscellany ..... Bruce Bliven 341
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 344
Other People's Money ..... John T. Flynn 345
On the Labor Front ..... William P. Mangold 346
Italian Painting, Two Centuries ..... Stark Young 347

Correspondence 348

Books in Review

Benefit Show ..... Malcolm Cowley 350
A Symptom of Revolt ..... George S. Counts 351
Politics and the Pope ..... Jonathan Mitchell 352
Union of the Sane Soviets ..... Lincoln Steffens 352
All Crump's Chillun ..... Laurence Bell 353
The Case for Internationalism ..... Maxwell S. Stewart 353
Books in Brief 353

The Week

FROM every part of the United States come reports of new strikes, or the stubborn and usually violent continuation of old ones. In New York City, 12,000 painters are out and a general strike in the whole building trade is threatened. At Kohler, Wisconsin, federal mediators have declared their task is hopeless, following upon the cold-blooded murder of two strikers by police and the wounding of nearly forty more. In Minneapolis, truck owners continue their flat refusal to negotiate with the leaders of the striking truckmen, on the ground that these are Communists. Governor Olson, who has denounced the employers' tactics, keeps the city under martial law, which is disliked equally by both sides in the controversy. At Butte, Montana, copper miners have been on strike since May 8, and all efforts to mediate the dispute have failed. The most notable fact about a majority of these and the numerous other strikes is the incredible callousness with which the police, aided by the employers' hired thugs, maltreat the strikers, who are beaten, attacked with tear and nausea gas, wounded by rifle fire and, in a sickeningly long list of cases, killed outright. If the workers engaged in one-tenth of the violence committed by employers and police, the heavens would ring with the outraged indignation of press and pulpit; but to murder a workingman trying to obtain a living wage for himself and his family has become, to popular opinion, only a petty offense. The usual attitude of local government is well represented by the action of Police Commissioner O'Ryan in New York City, in creating a special police army of 1,200 men, some of them armed with machine-guns, which will smash strikes and kill strikers "in the interest of public order." By way of further preparation, General O'Ryan has requested all "responsible" unions to file with the police photographs and credentials of their accredited spokesmen—a request that they have thus far refused to honor. Presumably, in the General's plan any labor leader who could not get on this list would be liable to arrest, or a police beating, or both, on sight.

THE official theory of reactionary employers throughout the country is that the present wave of strikes is all due to "radicalism," and is revolutionary in its purpose; but this theory is so nonsensical on its face that even some of the most conservative newspapers have felt constrained to point out its falsity. It is true that in some cities, some strike leaders are radical in their personal beliefs; but the strikes, including the San Francisco general strike, have invariably been for collective bargaining and better conditions, and have been fought by employers for purely mercenary reasons. Where conservative union leaders have been repudiated and dethroned by the workers, it has usually been on solidly grounded suspicion that these men have sold out their followers. There are two main reasons for the epidemic of strikes: first, the rising cost of living has threatened the workers with near-starvation, and second, labor as a whole believed President Roosevelt when he promised them collective bargaining—a promise that he and his administration, for all their words, have invariably failed to make good wherever the employers have put up a stiff

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AN INTERESTING reverberation of the Austrian crisis was the announcement of the Jugoslavian Minister in Berlin that the events in Austria are "of a purely internal character," and that

> in case of special complications, the League of Nations is the only competent authority to decide the Austrian question as an international problem. Every other one-sided measure or intervention would be a violation of peace treaties and could lead to further consequences.

This statement was in part meant to allay the rumors that Jugoslavia's mobilization on the Austrian frontier indicated a possible aggressive purpose. Far more than that, however, it was aimed at Italy, which Jugoslavia fears much more than she does Austria. Mussolini would like to gain territory at Jugoslavia's expense. He would like to make the Adriatic an "Italian lake." Any adventure in Austria by Italian troops would arouse the most vivid apprehension in Jugoslavia. In this connection we must remember that Jugoslavia is, as one of the chief members of the Little Entente, a virtual ally of France. But France ostensibly supported Mussolini in his threat. Jugoslavia, like Poland, seems to be warming up to Germany as she begins to doubt the reality and ultimate value of French protection.

A DESPERATE race in armament is now going forward among all the great nations of the world—a race in the construction of military airplanes. While some experts continue doubtful of the value of this weapon, their doubts are not shared by the governments, which stand ready to bankrupt themselves if necessary in order to fill the skies with flying battleships. Among these governments is the United States, which now promises a program no one can possibly justify on any theory of purely defensive warfare. Great Britain is also on the list, and Stanley Baldwin, Acting Prime Minister, told the House of Commons the other day that since the advent of the airplane, Britain's frontier is now the Rhine (which presumably makes Germany's the Thames). What aerial warfare would mean to civilian populations is suggested in an interview given by General Joseph Duchene, of the French Superior War Council, at the conclusion of France's special air maneuvers. It is impossible to defend any city from aerial attack, says General Duchene. The only hope lies in removing at least two-thirds of the population, including all women, children, the aged, invalids, etcetera, to small outlying villages which the enemy would not consider worth bombing. Since attack from the air will come, in the next conflict, within a few hours after war has been declared, or more probably, even before the declaration, General Duchene's proposal would seem hopelessly impracticable. Can anyone imagine sending two-thirds of the population of cities like Paris, London or New York out into villages, on a few hours' notice, and sustaining them there for weeks

THE drought in the Middle West is a natural phenomenon that will show its continuing influence for many years to come. For the present, it has solved the problem of agricultural surpluses in every crop except cotton. While it means higher prices, the quantities available for sale have been so reduced that farm purchasing power is probably substantially lessened, and progress of recovery accordingly retarded. The problem of relief has suddenly become acute over a large area where it had not been supposed that federal assistance would be necessary. Some authorities, and notably Dr. Elwood Mead, Commissioner of Reclamation, believe that thousands of square miles of farm land should be permanently abandoned and their inhabitants helped to make a new start somewhere else. The government, however, would not order the removal of these individuals but would only offer to aid them in case they chose to migrate; and human nature being what it is, undoubtedly a great many would elect to stay where they are as long as they could fight off actual starvation. The situation has given President Roosevelt a chance to announce another of those sweeping, dramatic plans of which he is so fond: a shelter belt of trees, or rather, one hundred such belts, a mile apart, stretching from the Canadian border almost to the Rio Grande. His plan has the approval of the experts, but it will, of course, be many years before it begins to have any effect.

THOUGH little is now being published in the national press regarding terroristic acts by the so-called vigilantes on the West Coast, reliable private reports indicate that they still go on. Particularly in California, which is now America's chief center of fascist sympathy and tactics, the attempt is being made to smash not only radical organizations but even those of a mildly liberal character and to drive from the state, or frighten into complete inactivity, everyone suspected of anything other than "100-percent Americanism." Needless to say, this movement is egged on and undoubtedly in part subsidized, by reactionary employers determined to smash as completely as possible all trade unionism that they cannot control—always, of course, in the sacred cause of maximum profits. Scores of homes have been entered, furniture smashed and individuals maltreated. Careful estimates say that more than five hundred persons have been arrested, most of them on vague charges or none at all. Many of these persons have been held in prison as long as a week, being refused bail or asked to put up impossibly large sums. Lawyers appearing for such defendants have been bullied from the bench, and threatened outside the courtroom with beatings. Sufficient comment on the validity of most of the arrests is found in the statement of one judge who did not share the general hysteria. Municipal Judge Sylvian Lazarus, who dismissed most of the cases brought before him, sometimes with frank apologies to the defendants, said:

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> I am disgusted to think that this good old town should have acted like a pack of mad wolves. I don't know who is responsible, but it should be traced back to its source. Boys never before arrested were thrown into jail and aging men were also subjected to that humiliation. My heart bleeds for them.

District Attorney Matthew M. Brady, according to a report by George P. West in The New York Times, also protested against the persecution of the radicals.

AS TO the attitude of the San Francisco newspapers, light is thrown on their relation to the general strike in an article published elsewhere in this issue. Since the end of the strike, they have helped on the campaign of terrorism in every possible way, both by suppressing the facts about what has happened and by continued false statements about the extent of radicalism and pretended "revolutionary purposes" of the strike leaders. The suggestion has been made that all "Reds" and radical sympathizers should be imprisoned in a new penal colony in some remote place in Alaska. It is even charged that the forest fires which take place almost every year in the California mountains are deliberately set by "Communists," though everyone familiar with these regions knows that there is no justification for this assertion and that no important increase in the number of these fires has been seen since California's labor troubles began.

THE sort of thing now going on in California is illustrated in a full-page advertisement in The San Jose Evening News of July 18. Signed by the "Committee of Safety of Santa Clara County," this advertisement invites "true and virile Americans" to sign up for a war against Communism, which, according to the advertisement, "is spreading its menace across our county, state and nation." The advertisement frankly admits that the Committee of Safety intends "to forestall and prevent the type of agitation and strikes which have cost the farmers of California millions of dollars during the past three years." It contains a horrendous statement of the alleged aims of the Communists, and quotes in full the oath of allegiance required of the members of the new organization. This oath, "which any red-blooded American should be proud to sign," says:

> I promise and swear to associate myself together with all such others taking this oath, for the purpose of protecting ourselves and the people of this community from and against all insidious dangers that may come among us, so as to make Santa Clara Valley a safe place within which to live, earn a livelihood and safeguard one's property, and I agree with each and all others joining this organization that I will wholeheartedly support its precepts and officers at all times, to create a guarantee that we can live without interference from any individual, combination or organization, whether criminal, political or otherwise, and to that end to lend my influence and support to all legally constituted authorities in the proper performance of their duties and endeavor to weld all such into a united, efficient, functioning unit for enforcing the laws of this community and of the United States.
>
> All this I solemnly promise and swear on my sacred honor, so help me God.

In other words: the fruit ranchers of the Santa Clara Valley object to paying decent wages and giving decent working conditions to the itinerant laborers who gather and pack their crop. They have in the past used violent methods against the workers in the sacred cause of profits and, emboldened by the present anti-radical hysteria, they are now coming out openly in a fascist organization to perform the same work more efficiently and ruthlessly than before.

A REPORT to General Johnson by a committee appointed to study the subject recommends employment by industry of "handicapped" persons who have lost their jobs under the codes. This is to be achieved by voluntary adoption of "a right-minded and socially desirable attitude" by employers. Many of these handicapped persons are cripples who have been injured in the factories. The alternative to giving them employment, according to the committee, is to pension them "at enormous cost to the public." Well, why not? At a time when there are still many million able-bodied men and women unsuccessfully looking for jobs, there is little to be gained by filling positions with persons who, on account of industrial or other injuries, ought to be pensioned anyway. If you give cripples jobs in order to avoid the expense of pensioning them, who is going to pay the expense of keeping alive the workers whom they will displace? "The public" of course, in so far as it is done. When there is widespread unemployment, the cost of supporting jobless workers cannot be avoided, whether they are handicapped or not. When there is little unemployment, the nation can easily afford to pay pensions, due as a matter of simple justice.

IF THERE is any important public principle involved in former Governor William Langer's attempt to hold on to his office in North Dakota, we have been unable to discover what it is. Governor Langer was found guilty in a federal court of conspiracy to defraud the United States of a small amount in federal relief funds, was fined $10,000 and sentenced to eighteen months in jail. Thereupon the North Dakota Supreme Court issued an order deposing him and giving his office to Lieutenant-Governor Ole Olson. Langer refused to accept his dismissal and called a meeting of the North Dakota State Legislature, to which a number of the members responded. He is personally popular with many of them, but it seems certain that any action they may take will subsequently be declared illegal. It appears not unlikely that he may be reëlected next time North Dakota goes to the polls and, if he is still in prison, may conduct the affairs of the

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from his cell. Olson, however, is himself a shrewd politician who makes much the same appeal as does Langer, and may give the latter a lively battle. The people of North Dakota are in such a desperate economic plight that they are likely to vote for the man who makes the most radical promises. The Langer-Olson affair is only a symptom of a desperate economic malady afflicting the entire state.

Austria and After

FOR A few hours Europe seemed to look at the icy waters of war from the springboard of the Austrian crisis—but she shivered and drew back. War, however, is not the product of decisions at last moments. If the forces at work are such as to bring it, though it be avoided once, it may not be avoided a second or a third time. The newspapers and their correspondents made no secret of the fear of war when Dollfuss was killed—indeed, many of them overplayed the possibility as they do any daily sensation. But it is difficult to learn from them the basic facts which show why war is likely in the long run.

If, as most of them reported, the aim of Dollfuss to maintain Austrian "independence" was a praiseworthy one, if he was idolized and mourned by the whole Austrian people, if he is now succeeded by followers who are no less resolved than he to seek this aim, where is the danger? Especially so, since Britain, France and Italy, through the spearhead of the Italian army, showed their determination to prevent by force if necessary any aggression from Germany, and since Germany showed every sign of wanting to avoid the slightest provocation. One would rather think, with the decisive defeat of this *putsch,* that no such mad adventure would be tried again, and that Germany had learned her lesson. Unfortunately for these conclusions, however, their premises are false.

The Myth of Austrian "Independence."—The present state of Austria was, of course, the creation of the settlement forced upon the Central Powers by the Allies. The old Austro-Hungarian empire contained 261,259 square miles and about 51,000,000 people. The new Austria contains 32,396 square miles—about the area of four of the New England states—and about 7,000,000 people. Besides this territory, the old dual monarchy included Hungary, Transylvania, Czechoslovakia, Polish Galicia, the Trentino, and a large part of what is now Jugoslavia. It had access to the Adriatic and controlled the Danube. While there was a good deal of pressure for freedom from the monarchy among the subject peoples, Austria did not and could not want independence from them. It was the capital and the central industrial region of a relatively large economic unit.

The war settlement split this unit into fragments [illegible] such a division could be permanent. It justified this action with such phrases as self-determination and the rights of nationality. A strategic and political motive, however, was undoubtedly uppermost in the minds of the French and Italian statesmen. They wanted to break the power of German influence in Central Europe. They wanted to prevent for all future time another alliance between Germany and the Austro-Hungarian empire. They were even determined that the decapitated Austria that they left should never unite with Germany. Austrian independence is thus for the benefit, not of the Austrians, but of the victorious Allies.

As economists pointed out at the time, and as has been amply demonstrated since, this settlement violates all the economic requirements of the modern world. There is, of course, little to be said for the reactionary character and oppressions of the old dual monarchy. Cultural and linguistic autonomy were legitimate aspirations of the subject peoples. But the sentiment of nationalism under a capitalist economic order led each of them, as a separate political unit, to erect ever-increasing trade barriers against the others, to attempt to become self-sufficient. This tendency was economically disastrous to all. Under economic disunion no regime in any of the succession states can long satisfy the masses of the people. But every attempt to bring some measure of economic union, even if it had surmounted all other obstacles—which, under capitalism, were virtually insurmountable—would have met the unalterable opposition of French policy. Austria, in consequence, has had a continual trade deficit and has had to live largely on the proceeds of foreign loans. Austrian independence has been enforced by French and Italian bayonets and has been paid for largely by French money. This is scarcely true independence, and it certainly is an unstable equilibrium. Just as the breakdown of the Austrian Credit Anstalt proved to be the cracking point of international finance during the depth of the depression, so the political weakness of Austria is and will remain probably the greatest point of tension in European politics.

To say this is not to say that Anschluss—the union of the new Austria with the new Germany—is a desirable solution. Both are deficit nations, both have a surplus of manufactures. A much larger economic union than this, indeed a much larger one than the old Austro-Hungarian empire, would be essential. This was the reality behind the old suggestion of the "United States of Europe." But it is almost impossible to achieve such a union so long as capitalism reigns, or without a great war. That is why the present defeat of Nazi and German ambitions does nothing to decrease the danger in the long run.

The Myth of Dollfuss.—Austrians never have been, and are not now, a unit behind the policies of Dollfuss. Far from it. For many years after the War and the revolution against the Hapsburgs,

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Vienna was ruled by a Socialist majority, and Socialists were strong in other cities and industrial regions. But they never could gain control of the national government. Against them were the reactionary capitalistic elements, a large part of the middle classes and peasants, and the Catholic Church, whose political power has always been considerable in Austria. It was the Catholic Christian Social party to which Dollfuss belonged. But the opposition to the Socialists became bitterly divided within itself. The large majority of Austrians are of German blood, and the Nazi movement therefore gained many converts. The Nazis, of course, favored union with Germany, but Dollfuss and his party opposed it, partly because of the Catholic hostility to Nazism, partly because the Allies, who were furnishing the necessary finances, opposed it. The Socialists would have made common cause with Dollfuss on this issue, but he treacherously turned on them, shooting them down, bombarding their homes, and earning the undying hatred of a large section of the Austrian working class as well as that of the class-conscious workers throughout the world.

Dollfuss, as a fascist dictator, therefore, was supported only by a part of his own people and had to be kept in power by foreign influences. He had the Church behind him, he had Mussolini, he had French money with which to pay and equip the army. It was frequently said by experts that a majority of the population probably had Nazi sympathies. Certainly the Nazis plus the Socialists formed a substantial majority. Dollfuss was doomed from the start; both the political and the economic prospects of his government were hopeless. There were enough loyal supporters passing by his bier to create the impression of popular sorrow—but we all know how large a small minority may appear when it gets together. His murder by Nazis has no more permanent significance than the shooting of one gangster by another. Nazi sympathizers are now as embittered as Socialists were when Dollfuss used arms against them. Anyone who inherits Dollfuss' power and policy inevitably inherits his perils.

The Lesson as to Germany.—The incident led to interesting revelations about the condition of affairs in Germany. When Hitler visited Mussolini, he agreed, according to credible report, to cease the effort of German Nazis to proselyte in Austria and to disturb Austrian politics. Nevertheless, propaganda from German soil for Austrian consumption went on; nothing was done to discourage the Austrian emigré Nazis who were mobilized on the border, ready to invade their native country. Every indication was that the promise had had virtually no effect. When the revolt came, the German minister at Vienna asked for and obtained a safe-conduct for the Austrian Nazis who had besieged the Cabinet. Is this a sign that Hitler did not control his own forces; that division, supposed to have been bloodily suppressed on June 30, still existed? It looks so, in view of the fact that when the crisis came, Hitler acted energetically to avoid implication. Apparently he did so before he knew whether or not the *putsch* would succeed. There still seems to be much disunion and confusion in Nazi ranks. And undoubtedly the prestige and self-confidence of the Nazis has suffered fully as much from this fiasco as from the events of June 30.

Another revelation of undoubted significance is that the dominant powers in Germany are not yet ready to fight. This was their occasion—if they had been looking for one. But the odds against them were too heavy. They are probably not prepared in a material sense. Certainly they are not prepared in a diplomatic one. They must enlarge their sphere of influence without provoking open conflict before they are ready to seek larger objectives. There is still a strong chance that, in some way or other, a pro-German regime will come to power in Austria. Nazi sympathy penetrates to so many high places that this is possible, after the present fires die down. In other countries, too, Hitler hopes that Nazi influence will spread, without any overt action on his part—even in the United States.

The Irrepressible Conflict.—The fact remains that the members of the former Entente are, by main force, maintaining in Central Europe a disastrous and impossible situation. The fact remains that under this pressure the discontent and disunion of these peoples steadily increases, while its inevitable economic effects help to deepen the world-wide crisis of capitalism. In this crisis the forces of capitalism and its allies fight labor everywhere with increased intensity, and where reaction is not already in the ascendance, it bids fair to become so. But fascism, the latest disguise of capitalism, whether it is of the Italian or the German or of some new variety, is incapable of solving the problem. Indeed, we have just seen in this crisis that fascism brings world war a step nearer because of its intensification of the disastrous nationalist tendency already existing in capitalist democracies. The followers of the Italian Duce were on the point of springing at the throats of their brothers under the German Führer. Capitalism and nationalism is a combination under which the modern world cannot live; though the rulers under this regime may profess that they seek peace, they serve first a set of policies which are so opposed to one another that they cannot be pursued indefinitely without war.

If the masses of Germany and Central Europe could throw off their oppressors and establish socialism, the basis would be laid for rational international planning. And if, in that case, the workers in the other nations could prevent their governments from attacking the revolutionary peoples, war might be avoided. This seems at present a slim hope indeed, but we see no other

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The Press as Strikebreaker

DID THE newspapers of San Francisco enter a deliberate conspiracy to smash the general strike, and succeed in their purpose largely by an unbridled campaign of falsehood in their columns? The astonishing charge that they did is made in an article in Editor and Publisher for July 28, dated from San Francisco and signed Earl Burke. Mr. Burke, to be sure, does not use exactly these words. He seems wholeheartedly proud of the action of the publishers that he describes.

Just before the strike began, says Mr. Burke, an emergency meeting was held at which there were representatives of The Examiner, The Chronicle, The Call-Bulletin, The Oakland Tribune and The Oakland Post-Enquirer. These men were not the editors of these papers. All but two of them bore the magic title, "publisher." The exceptions were J. F. Neylan, general counsel for the Hearst newspapers, and C. R. Lindner, general manager for The Examiner.

These men formed a Newpaper Publishers' Council, to act together. "Their first big effort," according to Mr. Burke, "was to prevent martial law being declared." That would have meant

> that thousands of men on sympathetic strike could not have returned to work, while the community would have been progressively paralyzed as more and more businesses would have to close, thus aiding the announced objective of the general strike.

Apparently the publishers assumed that if federal soldiers maintained order the strike would be successful—an interesting revelation as to which side was inciting acts of violence.

Successful in preventing martial law, these men, according to Mr. Burke, mobilized their papers to support the leadership of Mayor A. J. Rossi. Both he and the Governor, it is stated, "welcomed plans of the publishers." Says Mr. Burke:

> On Sunday, July 15, The Examiner and The Chronicle published front-page editorials stating that radicals had seized control by intimidation and that the general strike was a revolution against constituted authority. William Randolph Hearst telephoned from London to Clarence Lindner, saying a story was being cabled telling how the general strike in England in 1926 had been crushed when the government took control of the situation. This was published on Monday in The Examiner, Chronicle, Call-Bulletin, Post-Enquirer and all Hearst papers. The Oakland Tribune ran a similar story based on other sources. The News sounded warnings to unions not to paralyze the vital processes on which the lives of all depended.

How did this campaign work? Well, according to Editor and Publisher's report:

> By this time the general public, which had generally been sympathetic towards the alleged wrongs of the longshoremen, awakened to the menace which caused public hardships and threatened citizens' rights and [illegible] and an equally old story that they usually do not

The publishers, under Mr. Neylan's leadership, next proceeded "to crush the revolt." A wedge was driven between conservative and radical union leaders.

> Conservative leaders welcomed this help. . . . Newspaper editorials built up the strength and influence of the conservative leaders and aided in splitting the conservative membership away from the radicals.

The newspapers were embarrassed by the fact that the federal government at Washington refused to get excited about the alleged attempt at revolution. Therefore a theory was developed that a conspiracy was on foot to keep the true facts away from President Roosevelt. A high spot in the story is the treatment of General Hugh Johnson:

> It was evident to the publishers [says Mr. Burke] that he might undo all the publishers' council was trying to accomplish. He proposed to grant the request of the general strike committee that the longshoremen's demands for complete control of hiring halls [be accepted] as a condition before any discussion of arbitration should occur. But he was informed this would be a compromise with a revolution. Mr. Neylan and the publishers' council sat up with General Johnson until three o'clock Tuesday morning giving him a picture of the crisis. . . .
>
> The General quieted down when specifically informed that his tactics had been such that the people of California might have to decide to get along without him. In fact, had decided to get along without him and inasmuch as he had no credentials authorizing him to act for the President in this matter they might even have to ask him to leave San Francisco. . . . He [later] remarked this was the first time he had "ever been up against a newspaper oligarchy."

After the strike was over, the publishers had to make good on their secret bargain with the conservative labor leaders. Accordingly,

> it was emphasized in newspaper editorials and in Mayor Rossi's proclamation that advantage must not be taken to crush the rights of organized labor as conservative labor leaders and membership had rallied to save the city from disaster.

Extended comment on this story would indeed be gilding the lily. It is possible that the publishers were not quite so important as they themselves believed in ending the strike; but there is no doubt that they did their best, and lied ruthlessly and repeatedly in the endeavor to fan the flames of hostile public opinion. (Additional evidence on this point is to be found in the article by Evelyn Seeley in The New Republic of August 1.) It is hardly any wonder that some San Francisco labor unions have boycotted certain newspapers and have threatened to impose heavy fines on members caught reading them. But such a boycott is self-defeating, in a city where all journals are almost equally unfair to labor, almost equally devoted to playing the game of the reactionary employers. It is an old story that the workers need a press of their own,

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support labor papers when they get them. It will be interesting to see whether the lesson of San Francisco will further the effort to supply sources of information for the working class that are not, in a time of crisis, turned into a propaganda machine for breaking strikes—even those, like this one, that are intended for nothing more than to enforce the right of collective bargaining, supposedly a cornerstone of the Roosevelt administration.

Free Speech and the Archbishop

ARCHBISHOP Michael J. Curley, of the Roman Catholic Church, has recently been engaged in a controversy with The Baltimore Sun which, in our opinion, reflects little credit upon the Archbishop. Because the issue is of much importance, the history of the dispute is worth repeating in some detail.

On June 18 of this year, The Sun published a dispatch from its Berlin correspondent, S. Miles Bouton, in which it was said that there was some similarity between Hitler's character and that of Ignatius Loyola.

> One finds in both men [wrote Mr. Bouton] the same complete faith in their mission, the same readiness and determination to exercise their power with utter ruthlessness and brutality in order to carry out that mission. No consideration of personal profit or glory ever entered Loyola's mind, and I believe the same can be said of Hitler.

To the non-Catholic lay reader, this will seem a fairly harmless statement, though The Sun admits that the words "ruthlessness" and "brutality" were badly chosen and not in accord with prevailing historical opinion. The next day, letters were received from two outstanding Catholics, the President of Loyola College and a member of the faculty of Woodstock College, protesting Mr. Bouton's reference, and these letters were published in full the following morning. Another letter was received, written by the Dean of Loyola College and going into further detail about Loyola, and this was published one day later, on June 21.

No further protest or comment from Catholic sources was received until five days later, when Archbishop Curley, in a conversation with the editor of The Sun, declared that the paper was notoriously hostile to the Church, that the "affront" to Catholics had been intentional, and that an apology must be made and conspicuously published. The editor denied that The Sun is anti-Catholic, or that the "affront" was intentional, and declined to make an apology that would have misrepresented the position of the paper. On June 29, Archbishop Curley published a statement in an official Catholic paper, The Catholic Review, denouncing The Sun and ignoring the three letters published in its columns and also a private letter of regret that The Sun had sent the President of Loyola College [illegible]

the following issue of The Catholic Review appeared other, unsigned statements denouncing The Sun with such words as "liar" and "coward" and making other aspersions against the paper's integrity.

Many Catholic readers of The Sun, personally aware that these charges were unjustified, were evidently troubled by the turn the dispute had taken. A group of such laymen, on July 4, called on the editor, and as a result of their conversation, a statemen was prepared for publication, which included these words:

> It goes without saying that any wounds which have been given by Mr. Bouton's reference are a cause of regret to The Sun, but it goes equally without saying that these wounds were not intentionally caused. . . . No newspaper can demand of its writers that the view of any church as to a particular historical character shall govern. Otherwise, freedom of discussion and freedom of the press would disappear.

This statement was shown to Archbishop Curley, who refused to accept it as satisfactory to him, and it was not published until July 19, when The Sun told the whole story of the controversy in its columns.

The facts in this matter, in our judgment, speak for themselves. Archbishop Curley has shown, we think, an arrogance of attitude and a disregard of the legitimate freedom of expression on the part of a secular newspaper that are extremely dangerous in a person occupying his high position. They are particularly ominous at a time like the present, when in Germany and other countries, the Catholic Church is itself subjected to such ruthless denial of fundamental liberties. Even in the United States, the Catholic church members are only one-seventh of the total population, only one-third of the communicants of all denominations. There are large groups in this country who still share the hostile view of the Ku Klux Klan and are likely at any time to attempt to express that view in legislation. Under these circumstances, Catholic statesmanship should scrupulously avoid setting a bad example to the enemies of the church.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1934, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. N. BRAILSFORD JOHN DEWEY JOHN T. FLYNN
WALDO FRANK E. C. LINDEMAN LEWIS MUMFORD
GILBERT SELDES R. G. TUGWELL LEO WOLMAN

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Anti-Social Philanthropy

IN DECEMBER, 1933, the "richest girl in the world," a slim, blonde, timid young woman in a brown fur coat, came into Greenville, South Carolina, in her private car on the Piedmont Limited. Motorcycle police rushed her through Greenville traffic. Hotel attachés at the Poinsett Hotel lifted her safely to the eleventh floor. In Greenville just before Christmas she was the daughter of Santa Claus, a hard-headed Santa Claus who left a string on the stockings.

Doris Duke was twenty-one years old on November 22, 1933. On December 11, 1933, she became by the will of her father, the great, rich, dead James Buchanan Duke, an active trustee of the Duke Endowment, which, in the eight years before Doris grew up to sit upon its board, had already distributed millions to hospitals, colleges, orphanages, superannuated Methodist preachers and rural Methodist churches in the two Carolinas. It was no wonder, therefore, that there were in Greenville to greet Doris educators, preachers, doctors and the superintendents of orphan asylums, together with the Governors of North and South Carolina, who on this occasion said in greatful oratory that it is a long time between Dukes.

From the Poinsett Hotel Miss Duke went in the evening to hear the first of the oratory of gratitude for the "Duke Foundation," as the Endowment is commonly called in the Carolinas. And certainly it was without intent to pun that the program in Textile Hall began with the singing by the glee club of appreciative Furman University of "How Firm a Foundation." Six months later the officials of the Foundation were acting as if they were not so sure of its firmness under the encroachments of the power policies of the New Deal.

He is a skillful individual who can move unpuzzled through the narrow legal divisions between the Duke Endowment, the Doris Duke Trust and the Duke Power Company, three legal creations of the law of New Jersey, which in fact, if not law, live, breathe and have their being, draw their profits and, with the exception of Doris, dispense their incomes in the two Carolinas. The Duke Power Company takes its power and flings its power lines across that richest region of the Carolinas, the Piedmont. From dividends made from the sale of its light and power the Duke Endowment draws its income, which goes to help support four institutions of higher learning, nearly one hundred and fifty hospitals, fifty orphanages, more than a thousand struggling Methodist churches and several hundred superannuated Methodist ministers. Also from the sale of Duke light and power comes the income upon which the richest girl in the world and her [illegible] live in their splendor from Durham to Newport to Biarritz. And James Buchanan Duke, who built the great power system and created the two trusts after he had already made millions out of tobacco, left word behind him that while other stocks he left might be treated as merely profitable paper, the stock of the Duke Power Company was to be held sacred above all else. To the Duke Endowment he gave an original block of 122,647 shares; to the Doris Duke Trust, 125,904 shares. From them, both Doris and benevolence receive the bulk of their wealth.

It was not unnatural, therefore, that both preachers and politicians should sometimes be confused in drawing distinctions between the company and the endowment. One North Carolina Senator made the mistake of referring to the Duke Power Company as "a benevolent and almost religious institution," and some have listed that slip as one of the reasons why an ungrateful state retired him from the United States Senate. Another gentleman, whose official capacity in both the power company and the endowment aided the confusion, told a South Carolina legislature that if power rates were cut, the sick and the orphaned, the church, the student and the preacher would have to pay for it. So would Doris, but he did not mention it.

The confusion continued but, though some unjustly attributed the Methodist opposition to Alfred E. Smith in 1928 to his power policy rather than his Catholicism, his wetness or his city brogue, it was not until the present summer that officials of the Endowment ended the confusion forever by making it clear that if distinction there is among the three it is the distinction that a careful reader will remember between Athos, Porthos and Aramis. Three they are, but it is one for all and all for one.

Greenwood County, South Carolina, lies less than fifty miles south of the city in which the voices of the beneficiaries attested to the firmness of the Foundation as 1933 drew to a close. But scarcely six months had passed before the people of Greenwood County, lured by the gaudy promise of the things the Tennessee Valley Authority was doing beyond the mountains in Tennessee and Alabama, took a big bite out of the hand that was feeding them charity. The county applied for and obtained from the Public Works Administration a loan of $2,767,000 with which to build a publicly owned and operated power plant on the Saluda River from which it proposed to distribute at lower rates 49,000,000 kilowatt hours of power annually in the county in which the Duke Power Company, which now holds a monopoly, sells only 7,000,000 kilowatt hours a year. The county proposes to do this by providing a system of rural electrification that the private company has not even attempted.

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Against this threat every defense of the Duke Power Company was brought into action with the avowed purpose of having the loan revoked. Behind North Carolina's former Governor O. Max Gardner, an amiable gentleman but one of the biggest lobbyists in the Washington of the Roosevelt administration, were mobilized not only the officials and engineers of the company but also the beneficiaries of the Duke Endowment. To Washington in haste and helpfulness went Dr. W. S. Rankin, former State Health Officer in North Carolina, now director of the orphanage and hospital section of the Duke Endowment; Dr. W. P. Few, president of Duke University, which received special bequests from Duke as well as a large annual slice of the Endowment's income; Dr. Ben E. Geer, president of Furman University; Dr. W. L. Lingle, president of Davidson College; the Reverend C. K. Proctor, head of the Oxford (N. C.) Masonic Orphanage; the Reverend I. G. Greer, superintendent of Baptist orphanages in North Carolina; and F. O. Bates, superintendent of the South Carolina Hospital Association. George G. Allen, who is both president of the Duke Power Company and chairman of the Duke Endowment, dispatched to institution heads and newspaper editors in the Carolinas a table, calculated to alarm, that gave "the Duke Endowment payments to beneficiaries, with percentages thereof derived from income on Duke Power Company securities for years 1925 to 1933 and first five months of 1934," as follows:

Beneficiary	*Payments*	*Percent from Duke Power Company*
Duke University	$8,477,896	45
Hospitals	7,054,357	55
Davidson College	563,082	92
Furman University	563,082	92
Johnson C. Smith University	450,504	92
Orphanages	1,088,328	90
Superannuated preachers	217,541	90
Building rural churches	341,309	86
Operating rural churches	357,291	88
Total	$19,113,390	57

Despite this demonstration, the Public Works Administration stood by its loan. But the fight goes on. The Duke mobilization will next attack the issue of a license to the project by the Federal Power Commission. But since its chairman, Frank R. McNinch of North Carolina—ironically, he was once considered a "Duke Power man"—and other members of the Commission have described the project in glowing terms, there seems little basis for Duke hope. The Commission has already stated that "the project is economically feasible, and the prospective benefits to neighboring localities justify its development." Nobody believes they will retreat.

But if this fight is lost, others may not be, particularly those fought in Raleigh and Columbia rather than Washington. And as there was no necessity to prod the beneficiaries in the losing Washington fight, there will be no need in the fight yet to come. The captains of the beneficiaries are men who have seen the vast benefits of the Endowment grants in their own institutions. In the past, consistently, they have contributed to what one less pious writer called "the sanctification of Buck Duke." The Endowment's regular reports year after year have told them clearly, if far more delicately than now, that their bread was buttered with kilowatt hours. They have steadily believed in and testified to the Endowment's pure altruism. They have been angry when anyone else did not. But what is given may at any time be taken away. William R. Perkins, who as Duke's lawyer drew up the Endowment's charter and who as a member of the Endowment's board helps to administer it, has made that very clear. In a speech to Virginians, who wish they had a Duke, he said:

> As respects any year and any object except Duke University the trustees may withhold the income allotted and use it either for "any such like charitable or educational purpose" within the Carolinas or for "any such like charitable hospital purpose which shall be selected therefor by the affirmative vote of three-fourths of the then trustees" at a meeting called for the purpose; and without such vote the trustees may use in any state the income allotted to hospitalization, in excess of that needed in the Carolinas, giving preference to those states adjoining the Carolinas. Even as to Duke University, if in the judgment of the trustees, it "incur expense or liability beyond provision already in sight to meet same" or "be not operated in a manner calculated to achieve the results intended," they may withhold the whole or any part of the income allotted . . . and use it for any other object of the trust.

Under these terms any institution receiving funds from the Duke Endowment may be cut off if, in the opinion of the trustees, a majority of whom are importantly related to the Duke Power Company, it "be not operated in a manner calculated to achieve the results intended." Since there is a growing wonder in the Carolinas whether "the results intended" were not only to serve charity and enlightenment but also to make forever sacred and secure in an uncertain world the fortune left Doris Duke and her kin, it is at least conceivable that the failure of doctors, orphans, educators, students, Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians to mobilize in defense of the Duke Power Company might be construed as failure "to achieve the results intended."

Once, many years ago, this same Mr. Perkins asked Mr. Duke what he regarded as the greatest thing he had done. His answer was the assembling in the American Tobacco Company—which Carolina tobacco growers thought was the greatest octopus of the trust era—of "a group of men so capable that each of the large companies into which it was split by the federal courts could be amply manned to preserve this great industry and safeguard those interested in it."

Mr. Perkins asked the same question again when Mr. Duke [illegible]

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the Endowment. "What do you say now, Mr. Duke, is the greatest thing you have done?"

The red corpuscles in Duke's blood were disappearing, but the will to power remained in his brain. He said: "The creation of the Endowment because through it I make men."

But today in the Carolinas the question grows, and with it grows the demand for answer, as to the righteousness of the power of a man nine years dead to shape the world and control the lives of living men.

JONATHAN DANIELS.

Prisoner of the Nazis

The authorship of the following article must remain anonymous, for obvious reasons. The New Republic vouches for its authenticity, and for the fact that the conditions described are continuing to the present day. Indeed, reliable reports from Germany indicate that mistreatment of prisoners in concentration camps has become much worse since the alleged attempt at revolt at the end of June.—THE EDITORS.

THE CAMP at Dachau is one of the first and largest concentration camps in Germany. The area, comprising about one square mile, is enclosed by a concrete wall seven feet high and covered with barbed wire. In the southwestern corner there are thirteen crude barracks, originally built for military purposes. They are in a dilapidated condition because of sixteen years of weathering, and were only superficially restored to serve as a shelter for 1,800 Bavarian workmen, political adversaries of the new regime.

Each barracks consists of five connecting rooms, in each of which fifty-two prisoners are lodged. Each room is equipped with fifty-two berths, in tiers of three, rough tables and benches. The floor is concrete. The prisoners sleep on straw sacks covered with a sheet which is changed once in two months. The walls are only a few inches thick, and the ill fitting windows offer almost no protection against the icy cold, wind or rain. For each fifty-two men a small washstand is provided, and the time allotted for washing, for the whole group, is only twenty-five minutes.

The whole corner where the barracks stand is enclosed by a high wire entanglement. The prisoners are warned that these are live wires, but this is a false alarm. This enclosed area is about 1,800 feet square, and contains a pool filled with muddy water, which, shrewdly photographed, appeared in the Munich Illustrierte Zeitung of July 16, 1933, as a swimming pool for the prisoners. From this enclosure leads a gangway, also protected by barbed wire and machine guns, to a spacious workshop, part of which is the kitchen and the other part drill-room and mess hall. Farther away are the guard houses, equipped with heating facilities. They are the officers' quarters and contain workshops for cobblers, cabinet-makers, etc.

There are about 1,700 prisoners, the majority of whom are either Communists or members of organizations known as sympathetic, such as workers' athletic and relief organizations. Some hundred prisoners are Social Democrats, Socialist Workers' party members, students, lawyers and doctors, who were either active politically or known as pacifists. There are about forty Jews, mostly manual workers or clerks. A few of them were business men from small villages in northern Bavaria who had been arrested from motives of personal rancor or envy. None of the prisoners could be convicted of any violation of law, but they are nevertheless detained for an indefinite period.

The prisoners are kept occupied at hard labor, building roads and laying out drilling and shooting grounds. Some of the prisoners were harnessed for weeks to a heavy roller which they had to tow nine hours a day without a rest period. Others were compelled to stand the whole day in cold water excavating quagmire to lay the foundation for a swimming pool for the guards. The work was continually speeded up by lashing and kicking the prisoners, and many times men collapsed and had to be carried back to the camp for a short rest.

The food consists of three pounds of bread for each prisoner (this has to be eked out over a period of three days), a bowl of coffee in the morning and evening, and at lunch time a mess that is 75 percent potatoes and the balance meat or vegetables. The food is barely enough to keep idle men fit; certainly it is not sufficiently sustaining for the hard labor required. Additional food can be purchased by those prisoners who still have money, but there are very few of these. The night rest of the inmates is often disturbed by gangs of intoxicated guards rushing through the rooms with guns in their hands, tearing prisoners out of their beds and beating them up. In many cases, under this terrible strain, the hair of prisoners has turned white.

The prisoners are divided into three classifications, each treated differently. The first class is picked at random. These men act as firemen, and their only routine consists of some drilling. The second class is made up of the majority of the prisoners, who receive the treatment outlined above. The third class is composed of leading Communists and all the Jews. This class performs the hardest

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work on the smallest rations. They receive no sheets to cover their straw sacks. For a long time they were confined to dilapidated barracks where on rainy days the water would stand six inches deep on the floor. They are beaten more than the other prisoners, and nearly all of the murders are perpetrated on members of this class. Even within the last-mentioned class, the Jews are segregated, because no Aryan is allowed to share sleeping accommodations with a Jew. The Jews are refused cigarettes, and the other prisoners are forbidden to converse with them. However, the solidarity among the prisoners makes it impossible to put this rule into effect: camaraderie between the Jews and the other confined men is very strong. The prisoners are allowed to write one letter, or postcard, a week, which has to be turned in to the authorities unsealed. Any remarks about the conditions at the camp means daily beatings and severe punishment in dark cells.

During the first three weeks the camp was under the command of the regular police force. Then the Nazis appeared one night to take over control. Their leader made a speech to his followers, of which the following quotations are of interest: "Always remember that no human beings are here, only swine."—"Whoever does not wish to see blood may go home immediately."—"No one who does harm to a prisoner need fear reprimand."—"The more you shoot, the fewer we must feed."

A favorite stunt of the Nazis is to order newly arrived prisoners into a dark room and make them stand with their faces against the wall while volleys are fired into the air. Whenever a new transport comes, some prisoners are picked out and horribly beaten with wired oxtails. On April 12 a transport from Nuremberg arrived with three Jewish prisoners. These, and another Jew who had been imprisoned for some time, were led out of the camp one evening. A few minutes later a volley of shots was heard. All were killed by shots fired through their temples at close range. These men were Arthur Kahn, Dr. Benario, a man named Goldman from Nuremberg, and Edwin Kahn from Munich. The last did not die immediately, and was able to make a statement to the effect that no attempt to escape had been made. Nevertheless, the next morning the prisoners were addressed by an overseer. He began by insulting the Jews: "They successfully tried to mislead and to stir up hatred and strife among the German people. But when they have to share your lot and wield pick and shovel as you do, they try to escape." Three of the four prisoners were shot by the Second-in-Command, Erpsmüller, who boasted about the deed before the prisoners and remarked, "I am opposed to torture for the Jews. Bugs are not exterminated by tearing out their legs, but are trampled upon."

The secretary of the Communist party, Deputy Joseph Goetz, was frequently taken out for a cross-examination. He always returned to his cell covered with wounds, and the orderly at the barracks refused to dress them. Every night at 10 o'clock, Steinbrenner, one of the overseers, entered the cell with five other special policemen equipped with long oxtails. They beat him into unconsciousness. The mattress, drenched with blood, was put out to dry in the sun every second day. After having gone through this torture for more than two weeks, Goetz was killed in his cell. His coffin was made in the cabinet-makers' workshop by his former friends. In the meantime, his corpse lay in a coal cellar, the bleeding head wrapped in newspapers.

Deputy Fritz Dressel underwent similar daily tortures. He tried to cut his wrist with a piece of glass, but he was discovered while he still showed some signs of life and was transferred to a first-aid station. No sooner was his wound dressed than the Camp Commander, Weckerle, ordered him brought back into the detention cell, in spite of the doctor's warning that under these circumstances he would not be responsible for the consequences. A few hours later he was again "discovered" with the dressing ripped off, lying in a pool of blood, his arms pulled out of their sockets. When his corpse was taken out of the camp on a dray, the Commander made a remark to the assembled Special Police, which unfortunately I could not understand, but which was answered by the guards with roars of laughter. Captain Ehmann of the Special Police and another man led Leonhart Hausmann, Communist leader of Augsburg, out of the camp to be shot. Ehmann, however, lost his courage and ran away and the other fellow brought the prisoner back. The next day Hausmann was transferred to Ehmann's labor group, and Ehmann took him out of sight behind some bushes and shot him. The official announcement was "Shot while trying to escape." Ehmann was apparently reluctant to murder the prisoner, but was finally forced to do so by pressure from his superiors.

A few days later a transport arrived with 200 prisoners from northern Bavaria, some of whom were at once inhumanly beaten. Among these prisoners were twelve Jews who were picked out immediately and brought to the guard room. They were stripped of their clothing, their heads were wrapped in blankets to smother their cries and they were beaten barbarously. Later, after kicks on the testicles and further beating, they were driven to the barracks. The body of each, from the waist to the knee, was one complete wound. The entire scene took place in the presence of a high police official, Dr. Frank, and fifteen Special Police headed by Steinbrenner, Hofmann and Kantschuster.

One prisoner, Aaron, son of a Bamberg, attorney, died of his injuries a few days later. The official cause of death, which in every other case was agreed upon between the camp commanders and the Special Police, could not in this case be made to appear as "Shot while trying to escape," or "Found hanged in his cell."

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showed no marks of shooting or hanging. The Commander, however, found a way out of this fix: that very night the shed in which the corpse was laid out was burned down. The corpse was sufficiently scorched to destroy the marks of the beating, and the official announcement read, "Died of heart disease." The body was delivered to the parents in a sealed coffin.

A prisoner, Major Hungbinger, a member of the Nazi party, but accused of being a spy, was tortured in his cell and hanged himself with the rope that is always provided for this purpose in the detention cells. As soon as the noose was taken off the body, Overseer Vogel laughingly showed the blood-stained rope to the other prisoners.

Schloss, a business man from Nuremberg, was killed in less than three days by blows on the testicles. The torturing was supervised by Commander Erpsmüller. The Jews were forced to scrub especially befouled toilets with their bare hands. A lawyer, Rosenfelder, was made to dab his face with the excrement. Two other prisoners were forced to clean some barbed-wire entanglements placed in the bed of a brook. They were forced to work without shoes or gloves, so that both came back to camp benumbed with cold and with their hands and feet severely lacerated.

A prisoner, Furth, who later disappeared from camp, was found lying on the concrete floor of his cell, almost beaten to death. Commander Weckerle entered: "Why don't you stand at attention when I enter?" he asked. No answer. Thinking that the prisoner had attempted to commit suicide, Weckerle continued, "This man wants to get away before we're through with him, but he has to confess first." The prisoner was taken from his cell for medical attention, simply to restore him for additional torture. An attorney named Strauss, from Munich, was arrested because at one time he had a case against the Minister of Justice. A few days later this man, who had previously enjoyed good health, was transformed into a quivering white-haired old man. They compelled him to swim in ice-cold water while they lashed him with oxtails. After four days of torture he was shot.

The camp physician, Dr. Katz of Nuremberg, was also a prisoner. At first he was well treated because the guards and even the Commander admired his courageous attitude, but after he had witnessed the torture inflicted upon the prisoners, it became dangerous for the Nazis to release him. It was reported later that he had hanged himself in a detention cell—a few days before his anticipated release. His presence in the cell, however, was never explained.

The Commander enters the room where prisoners are mending boots and reads aloud an article on the situation in the concentration camp in Dachau, taken from the Vienna Arbeiter Zeitung. The paper states that prisoners are beaten with ox-[illegible] in the attempt to escape" or are found "hanging in their cells." Every prisoner knows that the report is true. The Commander asks: "Are you now convinced of the lies published by this Marxist Jewish press?" No one answers.

Solidarity among the prisoners is strong. Although at every cross-examination the prisoners are tortured, the Nazis never succeeded in obtaining any traitorous information. Despite the fact that several attempts were made by the Commander to stir up hatred between the Christian prisoners and the Jewish minority, and although the Commander promised that any prisoner who harmed a Jew would be released, the Jews receive every encouragement, kindness and consideration from other prisoners.

The German press has repeatedly announced that great numbers of prisoners have been released and that several of the concentration camps have been closed. To illustrate the credibility of such statements, the happenings on Hitler's birthday are significant. The press declared that two thousand prisoners were released in southern Bavaria, which means that at least fifteen hundred would have to have been released from the Dachau concentration camp. Actually ninety-nine men were released and twenty-five of them were imprisoned again the next day.

The names of the Nazis who were mainly responsible for the cruelty toward and murder of the prisoners are the following: Weckerle, Erpsmüller, Dr. Frank, Steinbrenner, Heini Straus, Hofmann and Kantschuster. The great majority of the Storm Troopers did not take part in the torturing of the prisoners. Some of the guards even had the courage openly to oppose the torturing and murdering of prisoners. They were placed in "protective custody." Several of the Special Police sympathized with the prisoners, so that every third week the guard had to be changed, and only the most brutal were kept permanently at the camp.

It is frequently stated that such cruelties as are outlined above are due to certain deficiencies in the character of the German people. I am strongly opposed to this view, having observed that even among this selected group of Special Police, only about five percent take an active part in, or favor, the brutalities inflicted upon the prisoners. The atrocities committed are the work of a few criminal types who are strongly backed by their superiors. This substantiates the statement made by Dimitroff during the Reichstag trial, that "neither the Bulgarian nor any other people is barbaric, but fascism is barbaric wherever it appears." The happenings in Dachau were not the uncontrolled actions of minor officials. The camp was continually visited by leading members of the Nazi party and government, among them being Heinrich Himmler, Commander of the Special Police; General Von Epp; Bavarian Minister of the Interior Wagner and others.

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Drought

YOU WALK in a yellow sun. The green boughs of the grove offer cooling shade. Cattle browse in the meadows of deep clover. The fields of oats and barley are golden with their harvest of ripe grain. The shocks dot the acres and you think of the Flemish and French painters who set buxom women and jovial men before just such piles of grain.

Suddenly the land where people enjoy the simple pastoral pleasures, the good fortunes of the men of the fields, is turned into a blast of whiteness. The fields are gray with dust. The plowman stirs up black clouds as he hurriedly turns the dirt in an attempt to preserve moisture. The grass in the pastures is dead. The hard black soil appears in great patches. The sun beats down. There is no wind. There are only hot, intermittent blasts. The stiff leaves rattle as they wearily strike against one another. The cattle drag across the dead meadows. They stop to break a green branch and find it bitter. A boy in overalls herds his cows in the village streets and pastures them on the weeds along the road. The sun beats down. There is no wind.

The sun gets talked about in such times. Whether he appreciates the flattery or not makes little difference. Country talk turns to the sun, the heat, the dust and the condition of the crops. "This heat is getting on everybody's nerves," they say. Men are nervous, irritable and stubborn. No one cares to work. No one needs to work. It is the millennium. God has come to burn up his world. The sun beats down. There is no wind.

A half-inch of moisture falls, wetting the surface. Four or five feet down there is another small depth of moisture, which is the last. That narrow strip of water rises slowly and will soon disappear. There have been few snows the past winters. The mind gives way contemplating the catastrophe when there is no moisture left. The sun beats down. The temperature reaches another high point.

Chinch bugs, grasshoppers, rust, cholera, tuberculosis—these are the scourges, visible and invisible, the farmer fears. They work havoc generally, year in and year out. But, coupled with the drought that has already bludgeoned the spirit of the men, these scourges can meet only dumb resistance. The drought can be dumbly borne because man has always bowed to nature, but when his deep, personal emotions are touched there is a different feeling in his body. He has no personal feelings toward the sun. But he has horses. A rare disease kills a horse on which he places his affection and his resistance is no longer dumb. It becomes active—screaming, crying.

An individual case: In the midst of the drought the scourge comes. While this farm family burns out its eyes looking across the prairie for a rain cloud, while the heat continues to rise, it strikes. Four handsome horses, the man's best friends for almost fourteen years—Stella, Trix, Pet and Flossie, the children's pets, brother and sisters to the children—find no feed. The farmer is forced to feed them silage. That poisoning which sometimes overtakes people bites into the intestines of these creatures—botulism. The tiny sausage-shaped germs that live in airtight places sting the horses, paralyzing their throats and bowels. With dust already caked, frozen in the lungs, for these animals have not the tiny hairs to protect the way through the nostrils, the horses fall one by one. They begin to foam at the mouth and cough as they are driven through the fields. The water in the tank cannot cool the raging fire in their bellies. Their throats are closed. In silent fear the family watches the heavy bodies fall to the earth, one by one. The sun beats down. The temperature remains at 105 degrees.

There is a personal relationship between these horses and the family. That is why the farmer climbs to the hay loft and throws himself to the floor and weeps. That is why the children run away and hide, and only the mother comes out and tries to talk to the floundering creatures. These horses have been two days dying. They have chewed food only to spit it out. Now they lie on the hard dry ground of the barnyard. Pulleys and a derrick must be used to move them. Three foaling mares at $150 apiece—but the cost is nothing. Now they are tankage, and fat for soap at $2.50 a carcass.

Minds become colorless from contemplating the whiteness of a drought-stricken farm. For one moment they flare in revolt. Then the farmers settle down to the dumb ways. They dream of rain. They pray for rain. They cry for a drop of rain just to know there is still water in the heavens. Why not give up? The sun beats down. The temperature reaches another high point.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY.

Old Acquaintance

Men I companioned awhile—
Jacobsen, Cooper, Knole—
Where, in multiple file,
Do they swim with the shoal?
Where? For distance is guile,
And oblivion whole.

Space, that makes of the earth
One single and misty sea,
Space covers over the mirth
Of Tommy Magee,
Who paddles the watery girth
Unsounded by me.

Each of them, once so plain,
Leapt and was free of the crowd.
But time is beginning to rain,
And the ocean is loud.
So, in some herded lane,
Drift Owen and Dowd.

MARK VAN DOREN.

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An English Miscellany

I WAS BROUGHT up to believe that two facts about England were as enduring as the eternal rocks: first, that she was the ultimate citadel of free speech and the other civil liberties, and second, that never, never would any British government tax the imported food on which most of her citizens must necessarily live. Everyone knows that the second of these conditions has now vanished. Britain is following several schemes intended to benefit domestic producers, the net result of all of which is to make food more costly. It was somewhat startling, when I reached British shores a few weeks ago, to discover that the first of these guarantees also seemed in some peril.

The House of Commons was (and still is) considering an "incitement to disaffection" bill which if passed will make an Engishman's home very much less than his castle. Stripped of its legal verbiage, this bill would authorize the police, on very vague suspicions, and with an order from two magistrates (an order from only one was first proposed) to enter any man's home and search it for literature that, to the police mind, seemed intended to spread the seeds of revolution among His Majesty's armed forces. The possession of such literature would become a crime subject to heavy penalties. As British opponents of the bill have pointed out, if it were passed the police might break into university libraries, or the homes of historical scholars, and make arrests after finding the works of Karl Marx, or even histories of the French, Russian and other revolutions. Defendants of the measure reply that nothing of the sort is contemplated and that it is necessary to leave something to the discretion of the police. To this the answer is that in times of public stress, the good sense which is generally associated with the British police system tends to disappear.

Let it be said to the credit of the British public that when the government introduced the bill, there was an instantaneous and extremely vigorous protest. Mass meetings were held; and in the limited number of British newspapers which can be taken seriously in an intellectual sense, strongly worded letters of opposition appeared. As a result of these protests, some of the obnoxious aspects of the bill have been modified. It still remains, however, a dangerous measure which, if passed, will put into the hands of the police virtually terroristic powers. No one who has studied the deepening crisis that in all countries attends the breakdown of the old economic order can doubt that these powers would be used.

Labor and the Next Election.—The British domestic political scene remains as confused and uncertain as it has been for several years past. Prime Minister MacDonald seems to have lost prestige rapidly, even among the conservatives who for a long time have been his only friends. Political observers with whom I discussed the matter felt that in the general election which must take place two years hence at the latest, it was unlikely that he would play a significant role. Labor continues to offer the only possible alternative to the Tories, but Labor suffers from the lack of strong leadership, and from the fatal sickness which today affects moderate socialist groups in all countries.

The Communist party, as might be expected, is well organized, well disciplined, extremely vocal and makes an impression out of all proportion to its numerical strength. One hears in England, however, just the same sort of talk that is so common in the United States: that the Communists do not really understand the British temperament, that too much of their thinking is done in Moscow and does not apply very well to the British scene, and so on. In England as in America there is a goodly number of "fellow travelers"—communist sympathizers who are not members of the party and participate in no formal activities. There, as here, this group includes a striking number of the younger and more interesting literary men.

My own guess would be that the Tory government should not have much difficulty in winning the next election by the same sort of malodorous tactics that maintained it in power in 1931. At that time, it used the radio, which in England is of course a semi-government monopoly, to good effect. During the closing days of the campaign, the Labor party was given far less time on the air than the Tories took for themselves, under the specious argument that since theirs was a "national government," there was no need for the public to hear much from their opponents. Then at the last moment, they used a trick like the forged Zinoviev letter of 1924; they told the country that if Labor were returned to power, deposits in the post-office savings banks would not be safe. These banks are very widely used in England, both by the middle class and the workers, and in the panic that swept the country, an overwhelming victory for the Tories was an easy matter. I see no reason why we should not expect this trick to be repeated whenever, and as often as, necessary.

The Opportunist Black-Shirts.—Englishmen with whom I discussed Sir Oswald Mosley's Fascist movement concurred in the judgment regarding it recently expressed in these pages by John Strachey. They believed that its numbers are negligible and its political potentialities slight unless things should go desperately wrong, in the economic sense, for England in the next few years. Since my visit ended,

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Sir Oswald has quarreled with his only important journalistic supporter, Lord Rothermere. Even before that, however, I was told that Rothermere's assistance was far less valuable than it might seem. His readers are like those of the Hearst press in America: they buy his papers for their sensationalism and pay little attention to the political doctrines set forth in them.

If Hitler is now seen as a very small edition of the man he was once popularly supposed to be, Mosley is a still smaller version of der Führer. The chief trait he shares with that worthy is a flair for showmanship, evidenced in his public meetings when he comes in late, with the hall in comparative darkness, and solemnly tramps down a long aisle to the platform, followed by the beam of a spotlight. He has also, however, some of the politician's sixth sense for an immediate popular issue. For example, English farmers have recently been up in arms against the tithe, the small but compulsory and annoying tax they are obliged to pay to the Church of England. Their grievance is a legitimate one, and very widespread; but only Sir Oswald realized its political importance and leapt into the arena on their behalf. As a result, he has gained many adherents among the farmers. In England, as most of my readers doubtless know, consumers' coöperatives have great strength, with hundreds of thousands of members. Naturally, keepers of retail shops turn purple with rage whenever the coöperatives are mentioned. No doubt assuming correctly that the coöperators are unlikely to join his movement in any event, Sir Oswald came out firmly for the small retailers, suggesting taxes on the coöperatives which would greatly lessen their value to their members.

Broadcasting, There and Here.—The radio, in England, is as I have said a semi-governmental monopoly. The British Broadcasting Company, created by the state, furnishes all broadcast material, deriving its revenue partly from an annual tax of $2.50 on each radio receving set, partly, when necessary, from direct government subvention. Because of the country's small geographical area, there are but a few stations; a reasonably good receiving set can get them all, and European stations at least as far as Moscow, as well. The most important programs originate in London and are relayed by telephone wires to the regional stations which also provide appropriate local material during part of each day. As is well known, nothing of a commercial character is permitted to be broadcast. No one can possibly buy time on the air, under any circumstances, to advertise his bunion cure or laxative or any of the other products whose merits are so gloatingly described nightly in sixteen million refined American homes.

From time to time, someone comes forward to suggest that it would be well for America to adopt the British system. This always throws American broadcasters into a lather, from which they emerge observing that since British broadcasting is a government monopoly, it is subject to censorship such as freeborn Americans would not tolerate. They add that British broadcasting is much inferior to that in America in that (a), technical transmission is much poorer than with us, (b), the British wireless is sometimes silent for whole minutes between programs, without explanation, (c), American radio entertainers are paid tremendously larger sums than are their British confrères and therefore must be better, on the logical assumption that price is the thermometer of goodness, and that (d), American broadcasting fits American ideals as to private initiative, rugged individualism and giving a few people a nice chance to make a lot of money.

This is not the place to discuss this question at length, but I should like to register my opinion that all these arguments are without merit. After some little study of both systems, I believe that the British plan is about 1,000 percent superior to the American, and that the best thing we could do would be to adopt it. I do not believe the censorship in England is worse than that in the United States. Any government, in any country, nowadays does what it can to control all avenues of public opinion, and if a really radical party arose in the United States and became as important as the Labor party was in England in 1931, the existing American regime would undoubtedly act as did the British Tory government in that year. It is perhaps true that a few American programs, notably those with comedians, are superior to British programs of the same type; but for me, and for many other listeners, the nauseous advertising which accompanies the comedian is an insuperable obstacle to enjoyment. Musical programs are, I believe, roughly the same in quality, with these important differences: the British get much more good music; they get concerts of a sensible length, instead of our usual fifteen or, at most, thirty minutes; for them good music is played as written, instead of being cut, simplified and sweetened as is the sickening practice of American broadcasters, and, of course, if an Englishman wants to hear a concert he does not have to set his teeth and listen through a glorification of somebody's cigarette or automobile.

The University of the Air.—The real point about British broadcasting is that, in addition to its entertainment value, it is operated as a great popular university. The men who control it take seriously their responsibility to the public as does practically no one in America. First-class men lecture on a wide variety of subjects, and these lectures are supplemented by printed matter sent out in editions of millions. These men, moreover, are not merely chosen because they are authorities; effective steps are taken to make sure that their presentation is not too dull for a popular audience. Compared with what England does (and with what several other European countries are doing) in this field, the educational use of the radio in America—a few

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quarter hours contemptuously handed out by the chains, or longer periods of time used haphazardly, on single stations to which nobody listens—is only a grim joke.

I was told in London that nowadays, as always, the best post to which the most brilliant young men from the universities aspire is a place in the foreign service. The next best is a place on one of the chief newspapers, such as The London Times; and the third is a position with the British Broadcasting Company. Certainly nothing of this sort is true in the United States. There may be some first-class minds in the employ of the National Broadcasting Company or the Columbia System (I am of course not referring to speakers before the microphone but to executives), but if such men exist, there is no public evidence of it; and one cannot imagine a brilliant man's being proud of such a position, as the members of the B.B.C. staff are proud of their work.

Bathtubs on Wheels.—A few years ago, motor traffic in England was markedly less heavy than in the United States; but if this disparity still exists, it is rapidly being overcome. Today it is quite as hard for a pedestrian to cross some of the main streets of London as it is to do the same thing in New York or Chicago. "Baby" cars constitute a large part of the traffic, some of them so small that the general effect is of a tin bathtub on wheels. Streamlining has made little headway as yet; Mr. Buckminster Fuller's Dymaxion car would be as much a novelty in England as it is here, though his device of two wheels in front and one in the rear is quite common and seems entirely successful. The British seem largely exempt from the American's false pride which causes us to demand at least a ton and a half of car to push around the landscape. I have seen a couple depart in full evening dress, after a dinner party, on a motorcycle and sidecar, without causing any comment.

The British are far ahead of us in one type of motor vagabondage. The American tourist camp with its overnight cabin is almost completely unknown, and since provincial hotels are both scarce and usually rather bad (despite a lot of sentimental theory about the English wayside inn) the motorist who is on holiday carries his bed and board with him, in the form of a caravan-trailer. These contain bunks, cooking equipment and other paraphernalia of "a home away from home," and may be seen by the hundred in the mountain, lake and seaside areas. If they go on increasing at the present rate, something rather drastic will soon need to be done about their sanitary arrangements, water supply, etc.

Censoring the Functionalists.—The modern, "functional" movement in architecture has made even less headway in Great Britain than in the United States; the great mass of new houses which are now being built by private enterprise are nearly all conservative and orthodox in design—though there are, of course, a few noteworthy exceptions. One reason for this is that local building restrictions are even more rigid and onerous than with us. I know of one instance where a distinguished artist with an international reputation employed a brilliant modern architect and collaborated with him in designing a beautiful and efficient functional house to be erected in a country village which is something of an artists' and writers' colony. These plans, however, had to be approved by the local board (not one of whose members had any contact with architecture, or with any other art). The board put its foot down and refused to permit the house to be built without changes that greatly damaged the design. Even the small separate building for the garage, in the rear, was altered out of recognition.

Some time later, the artist met one of the members of this board—an ex-policeman—in the street and asked him why he and his colleagues had so obviously gone out of their way to be arbitrary in this matter.

"Well, it's this way," he replied. "We just thought it was about time we gave you a little lesson in good taste."

The College-Bred Bootblack.—Unemployment in England has decreased somewhat; and for the two million or so who remain on the rolls, it is usually not the desperate, utterly tragic business it is in the United States, where our lack of foresight, our refusal to accept social responsibility for a collective problem, still leave no real guarantees against starvation. Even in England, however, it is a grim enough affair which takes its toll in every class. There, as here, an appalling waste is to be found in the cases of thousands of young men and women who spend many years training themselves for a profession and are then unable to get any sort of foothold in their chosen field. I was told, for instance, of a brilliant man, the son of a famous writer whose books have sold widely in the United States, who came out of college to find that the only possible work he could get was a job as chauffeur to a wealthy London family.

"He puts up a brave front about it," said the friend who told me the story. "He says he has always wanted to drive a big car, and this is his chance. But I can't imagine that he really likes it. He has to get up at five o'clock every morning and black the whole family's boots."

Blacking boots is an honest occupation. It is better than starving. I am well aware that the plight of a university man forced to perform this task is no worse than, doubtless not so bad as, that of a person brought up to black boots who can get no work at all. Yet I still feel that a social and economic system which trains a man for years for something else, and then sets him at such a task, is pretty obviously a failure.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

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Washington Notes

Whitewash in the Fuel Tanks—War Plans of the High Command—Preparing for "Defense" Overseas

ONE OF the best jobs done by Congress before its adjournment was the setting up of a munitions investigation committee under Senator Nye. This committee is now hard at work, and expects to hold its first public hearings in September. Apparently it is being regarded with considerable apprehension by Army, Navy and munitions makers; it has already drawn an audible "ouch" from the du Ponts.

The anticipated revelations of the Nye committee afford the likeliest explanation of the astonishing report on military aviation that was made public last week by a special committee under Mr. Newton D. Baker. It is an inexcusable document, and I am surprised it has evoked so little comment. It seems to be simply a barefaced attempt by the Army to prejudice public opinion in its own favor before the Nye committee hearings can get under way.

For example, the Baker report specifically approves of negotiated contracts between the Air Corps and private airplane makers. In negotiated contracts there is no element of competition whatever; last winter the House Military Affairs Committee strongly denounced them, and condemned General Foulois, Chief of Air Corps, for his part in permitting them.

Another questionable Air Corps practice endorsed by the Baker report is that of ladling out great sums to private manufacturers for building experimental planes. In the past, a small group of manufacturers have been able, in this way, to construct a large part of their permanent plants with government money. The Baker report not only upholds this practice but urges the Air Corps to adopt "a more liberal policy of placing experimental orders for prototypes [model planes] on a basis on which the government bears *in full* the proper cost of development." (Italics mine.) Under such a scheme, a sufficiently favored manufacturer would never need to risk his own capital.

After this, you are prepared to find that the report condemns a suggestion that the Army build its planes in government-owned factories. By the Vinson Act, passed at the last session of Congress, the Navy is instructed to make preparations for the governmental manufacture of a small percentage of naval planes. The Baker report sharply repudiates this heretical proposal, as far as the Army is concerned. Instead, it recommends that the Air Corps plan its replacement orders so that "the [private] airplane industry of the United States can be maintained on a sound basis and adequate from a national-defense viewpoint."

It seems to me that the Baker report is first-hand evidence of a great, and exceedingly suspicious, intimacy between the Army and private airplane makers. It is likewise evidence that both the Army and the airplane makers intend to fight stubbornly any accusations that may be made against them before the Nye committee.

A much larger problem is raised by the brief glimpse that the Baker report permits of the war plans of the General Staff. Besides justifying the Army's methods of purchasing airplanes, the report is greatly concerned to make an end to the old quarrel inside the Army itself over the creation of an independent air force. You may recall that advocates of an independent air force have usually argued that future wars will be determined by an immediate clash of opposing air fleets, and that the war will be won or lost before the Navy or Army can be wheeled into action. They have maintained that since the Air Corps necessarily must fight alone, it ought to have its own high command and not be under the direction of fossilized cavalry officers of the General Staff. The Baker report, opposing a separate air force, takes great pains to disprove this theory of an early decisive struggle between air fleets. In doing this, it quotes from what it describes as the present war plans of the United States, drafted in 1933 by the general council of the War Department.

We learn that the War Department made a careful technical study of General Balbo's flight last year to the Chicago exposition with twenty-four Italian bombers. Its conclusion was that the difficulties and delays encountered by General Balbo in crossing the Atlantic show "the unsoundness and fallacy of claims to the effect that the United States is exposed to serious air attacks from land-based air forces which would prove critical to our national defense."

This admission that the United States is reasonably safe from air attack is followed in the Baker report by the startlingly incongruous recommendation that the peacetime strength of the Air Corps be increased to 2,320 planes. Apparently the Baker committee was sensible of this incongruity, for we find it adding a footnote in small type telling that Admiral William H. Stanley, Chief of Naval Operations, had testified before it: "You have to take and hold territory before your war is settled. . . . In the end the Army has to go across to settle the war."

In any war plans drafted by the United States in 1933, it is not hard to guess where the Army would be supposed to go across to. It would be Japan. Apparently what the Baker committee could not say aloud was that, although we do not need an Air Corps of 2,320 planes to defend our own country, we do need an air fleet of that size if we intend to attack Japan in Asia. Nor could it say that Japan is enlarging her air force to two thousand planes, and that it is the fixed policy of our government to increase our air force step by step with that of the Japanese.

Here is a problem worth infinitely more of the Nye committee's attention than possibly fraudulent airplane contracts. The Baker report declares that the 1933 plans of the War Department have received Secretary Dern's approval. Have they received the approval of the whole Cabinet, and in particular, have they been accepted by Mr. Roosevelt?

The crucial question for peace at the present time is how to break the grip that military officers and their friends, the munitions makers, have on the foreign policies of many nations. The Reichswehr, and the munitions-making Ruhr industrialists, notoriously control the foreign policy of Germany. In France, the generals and admirals and munitions makers are immensely powerful, and the influence of the equivalent group in England seems to be rapidly increasing. How great is the influence of the militarists and munitions makers on American policy?

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Ever since his inauguration, Mr. Roosevelt has prided himself on his policy of appeasement towards Japan. But such a policy obviously is doomed to failure as long as the Japanese know that our War and Navy Departments are being permitted to prepare for a future assault upon them in Asia. Does Mr. Roosevelt believe, for example, that the present flight of military and naval bombing planes to the Aleutian Islands is reassuring to the Japanese? While such provocative incidents occur, and especially while we continue to rush the construction of warships and airplanes, the Japanese are inevitably going to seize as much Chinese territory as they can, violate the Open Door and generally do everything that will be to their advantage before the expected war arrives. As far as our relations with Japan are concerned, it seems to me an open question at present whether Mr. Roosevelt is controlling the War and Navy Departments, or whether they are controlling him. I hope the Nye committee hearing will throw light on that question.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Redistributing Poverty—Gentle Arts of Statistics—Henderson Goes in for Fundamentals—Cagey Birds of Wall Street

WHAT HAS become of that great Roosevelt plan to distribute the national income more equitably? That is what that distinguished economist, statesman, lawyer, industrial executive, cavalryman and cracker-down-dandy, Brigadier-General Hugh S. Johnson, is supposed to have been doing through the N.R.A.

Here is a report that comes to my desk this week. It is from the Department of Commerce and makes a picture of the men's work-clothing industry. It appears that during 1933 the 275 establishments surveyed employed 19 percent more workers than in 1931. Marvelous! But it seems that the wages paid were several hundred thousand dollars less than the smaller number of workers collected in 1931. Here are the figures showing the value of the products made in 1931 and 1933:

1931.....$59,860,755
1933..... 66,690,060

Thus, the employers managed to produce nearly seven million dollars more of goods in 1933 than in 1931. But they paid out to their workers only 19 percent of this value in 1933 as against 23 percent in 1931. Can anyone believe that the workers here are getting a larger share of the values produced than they did before the N.R.A. "saved" them? Is this the way wealth is being "redistributed"? This at least is the Johnson-Roosevelt way.

The workers added by manufacture $1,300,000 more. They took back in wages $670,000 less. And this smaller return was divided among more men. The happy fellows "shared the work," bless their hearts.

You have heard about all the people that N.R.A. has put back to work. Here is a record of some of them. In the men's shirt and pyjama industry, 29,767 were employed in 1931. Under the new dispensation, 33,047 were employed. Thus about 3,400 went back to work. But the 29,767 in 1931 collected $1,500,000 more in wages than the 33,047 did in 1933. This is the Johnson-Roosevelt method of creating purchasing power.

No one, I dare say, can blame the N.R.A. for what has been done in the cane and beet-sugar industries. However, some facts about these two will give an idea of the manner in which the New Deal is "redistributing" income and wealth.

In the beet-sugar-manufacturing industry employment was 6,241 in 1931. In 1933 it had risen to 10,656. That was an increase of 70.7 percent. Total pay rolls, however, increased only 45.3 percent. But the most important fact is this:

The value of products in 1931.....$ 85,672,749
The value of products in 1933..... 127,133,272

Increase.....$ 41,460,523

How much of this increase of over $41,000,000 was handed out to the workers in wages? $3,421,000.

The cane-sugar industry was even worse, in a sense. Employment rose from 2,032 to 2,371. But wages decreased from $1,332,665 to $1,227,874. The larger number of workers got less than the smaller number before the New Deal. But what of the industry? The value of the products manufactured increased from $13,981,079 to $18,233,202—an increase of 30.4 percent. The net result is that while the number of workers increased by 16.7 percent and the value of the goods produced by them increased by 30.4 percent, the total wages paid out decreased 7.9 percent. We would like to know the answer to this.

The stock market apparently does not share the confidence of the N.R.A.'s economist, Leon Henderson, in his "homely barometers" of the coming rise in business this fall. Mr. Henderson found that the bachelor crop in one town had been cut in half and that ladies are buying rugs. I don't know about the bachelors, but it would be interesting to know from whom the ladies are buying those rugs. However, it is interesting to see so able an economist as Leon Henderson abandoning the cold, grim figures that do reflect trade and turning to the "homely barometers" of our fathers. What is the matter with the statistics? Why abandon them? Because they are appalling and because it has been the policy of N.R.A. from the beginning to ignore facts.

Down in Wall Street, however, the advice to gamble on the fall rise has fallen on deaf ears. Stock prices have declined to the lowest point for the whole year. Brokers are really alarmed. They have sent out heavy margin calls. And the response has scared them. Customers have answered—Sell! Confidence in the market is at its lowest ebb.

What has become of all the corporations that were waiting to flood the market with security issues the moment the Securities Act was amended? One leading corporation lawyer who took a great part in the successful fight to amend the act assured me that he had fifty corporation clients who were ready to go forward with financing, but

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who hesitated because of the drastic liabilities imposed by the act. Where are those fifty corporations? Companies did not engage in financing because they either did not need the money, or did not have the credit and knew no one would buy their bonds. Yet these birds were able to frighten our timid President into a series of amendments to the act, with the pretension that this act was holding back borrowing.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

On the Labor Front

Speeding up the Run Around—The Worst N.R.A. Settlement to Date—Stray Straws in the One Wind

THE LATEST act in what workers have quite justifiably come to call the "National Run Around" occurred last week in the "settlement" of the strike at the Harriman (Tennessee) Hosiery Mills. The agreement, negotiated by assistant N.R.A. administrator A. R. Glancy and signed by him without the knowledge or approval of the striking workers, is one of the most extraordinary documents of its kind. For though it restores the Blue Eagle and "all its uses" to the company, it completely ignores every demand made by the workers. Worse than that, it fails to give the strikers any assurance that they will ever get their jobs back.

Some 300 men and women have been out since last October, but by the terms of the "settlement" the company is obligated to reëmploy only 25 in the next two months and a possible second 25 before the first of next year. Even this ridiculously small concession is so qualified as to be practically meaningless: if the strikers do not accept the settlement within thirty days, the company is automatically absolved from its obligation to rehire *any* of them. Or, if the company offers a job to a striking worker—the terms of reëmployment are not specified—and he refuses it, he is to be counted none the less in the quota of 25. Meanwhile, the workers are ordered to cease immediately all strike and picket activities. It is difficult, in brief, to conceive of a more complete betrayal of the workers' interests than Mr. Glancy has here devised.

The Harriman dispute, in the nine long months it has been before the N.R.A., has won the distinction of being the "little Weirton" of the South. T. A. Wright, Jr., counsel for the company, is famous for his interpretation of Section 7a, made before the National Labor Board last January. "We will not agree at any time to recognize the union," he said bluntly, "or arbitrate on propositions we are unable to agree upon . . . we do not feel the law requires us to do so . . . we may trade, haggle, jockey over terms, but not reach an agreement." That was Mr. Wright's story and the Harriman company has stuck to it. In February, it was condemned by the National Labor Board for "bad faith," in March it was cited to the Department of Justice for outright defiance of the Board's orders, and in April the company's Blue Eagle was finally taken away.

Several weeks ago the company gained wide publicity by announcing that the N.R.A. was forcing it out of business—that it was closing down its plant because it could not operate without the Blue Eagle. Actually, according to the union, the "closing down" never occurred. The company continued to operate every department except its knitting division. That was closed because of the tremendous stocks of men's hosiery that had accumulated on the market. It is incredible that a company with this record of uncompromising hostility toward its employees should now be permitted to operate its plant with strikebreakers and flaunt the Blue Eagle as a symbol of its adherence to the provisions of the Recovery Act.

No less difficult to understand is the distortion that the "settlement" has suffered in the press. According to Associated Press dispatches, the Harriman workers joyously greeted the termination of the strike with "shouting and singing." This was enough for The New York Times to write an editorial, "Happy to Be Back." Workers, it moralized, are not really interested in striking; the whole difficulty is caused by "stiff-necked" labor leaders who keep them from their jobs. The Times and the A. P., of course, completely confused the *strikebreakers* with the strikers. For the strikers are not back and they are not singing. They have been virtually deprived of their jobs by Mr. Glancy's handiwork and they are wondering what the N.R.A. and collective bargaining can possibly mean, anyhow.

Naturally, the striking workers have unanimously rejected the settlement. President William Green of the American Federation of Labor has described the N.R.A.'s part in the Harriman case as a gross betrayal of labor's interests and as a complete surrender on the part of the government to a corporation that has publicly flouted the collective-bargaining section of the National Recovery Act. Even General Johnson is reported to be perturbed. In a statement issued at San Diego he has ordered that the Harriman Blue Eagle be taken away again unless the company immediately reinstates fifty strikers and agrees to bargain collectively. Certainly, if the N.R.A. permits the agreement to stand, it suggests only one thing: the sooner Mr. Glancy and the N.R.A. cease the pretense of collective bargaining for workers, the better off labor will be.

A month ago 1,800 rayon workers at the Hopewell (Virginia) plant of the Tubize Chatillon Corporation went on strike when the company refused to comply with an order of the National Labor Board that it reinstate 13 workers discharged for union activities. Officials of the company now announce that the enforced shutdown, resulting from the strike, has seriously damaged the plant's equipment. As a result, they have decided to close the plant permanently. This story would sound considerably more convincing if, (1), the rayon industry were not plagued at the moment with huge surplus stocks overhanging the market and depressing prices; if, (2), all textile industries, including rayon, were not coöperating to restrict production for the next few months; if, (3), the closing of the rayon plant were not so happily coincidental with this general-curtailment program; and if, (4), the lockout were not such a well known method of breaking up unions. It will be interesting to see how long the $20,000,000 plant in Hopewell remains "permanently"

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Labor Briefs.—Last week Postmaster General Farley announced pridefully that the postal service, for the first time in fifteen years, was in the black—with a surplus of $5,000,000. What Mr. Farley omitted to say was that this remarkable result was achieved partly by forcing all postal employees to take nine-day furloughs without pay, partly by a 15-percent pay cut, and partly by reducing the number and wages of already impoverished postal substitutes. By these methods, it is estimated, Mr. Farley saved upwards of $60,000,000 and set a none-too-laudable example for industry to follow.

The eleven-day strike of 3,000 miners was settled last week when mine owners agreed to increase wages, grant vacations and free medicine and pay the men for the days they were on strike. Of course, the strike was not in Alabama or Illinois, but in Nueva Rosita, Mexico. The settlement was reached through the efforts of Juan de Dios Bojorquez, head of the Labor Department. N.R.A. please copy. WILLIAM P. MANGOLD.

Italian Painting, Two Centuries

The Baroque Painters of Italy, by Arthur McComb. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 244 pages. $5.

MR. McCOMB'S title, "The Baroque Painters of Italy," is only a makeshift or handy label. His meaning, as he tells us, is not "baroque"; the word is a way of dodging the cumbersome and unevocative phrase "seventeenth and eighteenth centuries." "Baroque painters," therefore, is here used to cover the period between 1590 and 1790, approximately—when the style of the Mannerists, based on Michelangelo's late work and on the Raphael of the *Loggie,* encountered the Baroque reaction. No such survey exists in English.

The one fault I have to find with this excellent, though all too brief, volume is that it does not permit itself the space for a discussion of the baroque quality. It is true that in Italy the progression of painting was so continuous, or so organic, that the difference between the Baroque and the Rococo is far less than in other countries. But the fact, nevertheless, remains that a few pages on the mere term itself, so often muddled in definitions and as a term so incomprehensibly misunderstood, would have enriched the volume. Indeed it is hard to see how anyone with so genuine a sense of painting as well as of content—not to speak of Mr. McComb's pungent historical sense—could have refrained from trying to express more fully the rich implications or fantastic frippery or magnificent orchestrations of form that make up the baroque. To build the book on such a qualitative basis would, of course, have troubled many of the accounts. The author would constantly have been obliged to vary and qualify the discussion of one painter after another under the general stylistic classification, as for example, Caravaggio, or Pannini, or Solimena or Evaristo Baschensis.

Aside from this baroque discussion, which at the start the author excludes, "The Baroque Painters of Italy" has a remarkable power of suggesting fullness and scholarship in a small space. It is, in fact, very like a manual: brief accounts of one painter after another, plus illustrations of their work. But the underlying continuity, variety, clearness and unfailing sense of painting make it hard to remember how few the pages are.

Mr. McComb begins with the change in Italian feeling which we call the Counter-Reformation. From 1520 on past the middle of the century this change was going on. The old, easy, brilliant Renaissance took a sober turn; and Charles V, when he came in 1530, gave Italy something new in the grave, voluptuously austere, superb and half-sinister surface for which Italians were not entirely prepared, perhaps. As Mr. McComb points out, there appears a certain joylessness in painters like Michelangelo and Tintoretto, for example, a certain cooling of the color, and a more abstract and decorative use of the human figure. There appeared an added elegance of turning and artificial postures, more melancholy and moodiness in the faces, more overtones in design and color.

The volume's list of contents suggests how we might have had treatments more discursive or more academic (in the dried-vitals sense): the Caracci and the Bolognese Academicians; Caravaggio; the High Baroque Decorators in Rome; the Classic in the Baroque; the Late Baroque Decorators in Rome; Seicento in North Italy; the Rococo, and so on. There are also lists of the more important ceiling paintings and the larger decorative schemes of the seventeenth century in and near Rome, of Italian paintings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in American collections, and bibliographical notes. The book closes with a list of illustrations, 126 paintings that fall between 1590 and 1790. I am not sure that McComb's decision to stress a good many pictures because they are not so well known by a general public is wholly right, since his subject is more the painting in its most representative examples and less a first aid to sophisticated information. The contrary argument is, however, almost as vital and certainly more social. One of the surprises of Turin, Parma, Verona, Dresden or Vienna, for instance, is the number of Italian painters that, in Italy, official galleries of the grand tourism have not stressed.

Mr. McComb's discussion on the Carracci has a sharp insight, and the manner of it is full and suggestive. Out of the three of them, Annibale, by way of enlarging their scope, was the founder of pure landscape painting in Italy. Polidoro di Caravaggio had as early as 1525 painted religious scenes with the human figures as mere touches to the landscape; but it was Annibale who followed the lead and left his influence on men like Domenichino, Poussin and some of Claude. These landscapes of Annibale, in the Chapel of Villa Aldobrandini, 1604, were a very different matter from those of Magnasco, 1667-1749, with their painting virtuosity, their discovery of the "al tocco" method, a kind of eighteenth-century impression, full of romantic and fantastic vision, and their intensification of the pantheism that, in the seventeenth century and for the first time in European art, appeared in such painters as Salvator Rosa, Tempesta, Claude and Poussin. The Magnasco account is singularly useful, since most people are still strangely unfamiliar with the painter. From this study of Magnasco we are led easily to Guardi, with fine perception but none of the confused overstatement that Guardi's admirers can evince.

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In some respects it would be only natural to differ in emphasis with Mr. McComb. For instance he has more patience with Sassoferato or Carlo Dolci than I could ever manage. I could go further than he does on Luca Giordano, who, by the force of sheer power and abundance, is lifted out into the clear mystery of genius. Certainly the chic and fluency of the Monte Cassino paintings can thin the glamor of much of the later canvas painting in France.

One of the qualities for which I could most praise this book lies in the allusions—all too few from so good an onlooker—that touch painting directly, as a craft and as its special self among the arts. Andrea Sacchi was interested in paint, "which he handled in an easy Venetian way"—"painted in a quiet scale of brown and white, hushed green and silver-blue"—departing from "the blue-red-yellow of the Baroque altarpieces." Preti's Absolom "simply a dark Neopolitan murder in a seemingly joyous setting à la Veronese. . . ." Piazetta's lightninglike zig-zag line into the depth of the picture, a system replacing the strong diagonal of the earlier masters. The cross-references are very often equally those of a painter: Crespi's women at the Poggio Fair reminding us of Fragonard; Pannini's relations to Ghisolfi, Piranesi and Rosa, and so on all through the book. The fine study of Tiepolo is rich in this as in many other respects.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. Koven Excepts

SIR: May I extend my congratulations to Mr. Cantwell for his article "The Little Magazines" [The New Republic, July 25]. It requires no ordinary skill to be able to generalize so well about matters with which one has so little acquaintance.

Although I am flattered to see The Monthly Review listed with "Blast, The Anvil, The New Quarterly, The Partisan Review and Left Front, Left Review and the other magazines of the John Reed Clubs," I must decline the honor—and I sincerely mean honor, for I consider the work appearing in these "little" magazines as the most promising feature of American intellectual life. Since Mr. Cantwell evidently applies the standard of circulation to determine whether a magazine is "little" or "big," I am glad to inform him that the first issue of The Monthly Review has reached at least twenty-five thousand people—which is not at all bad even when compared with well established and *un*revolutionary publications like The New Republic.

JOSEPH KOVEN, Editor,
Plainfield, N. J. The Monthly Review.

The Real Issue at San Francisco

SIR: The greatest tactical weakness in propaganda is its tendency to underestimate the adversary. Robert Cantwell's report on "Act One" of the San Francisco strike seems to me to have shown this weakness; and I think the reason for it lies in his failure to see fully the national significance of the issue. . . .

In its initial phase, the strike was of a piece with all the past: a struggle for power between workers and employers. But the character which it immediately assumed brought it into the present day, as part of the rebellion against the Federation of Labor; and the seeds of the future lay in its final phase as a tug of war between labor and the government for the credit of settling the dispute. The main line of battle, throughout, was against the A.F. of L. The Ryan agreement and the "general" strike were only incidents in the Federation's war on the strike leadership, and the government's victory in obtaining consent to arbitration was due not to the presence of Johnson, Farley, Wagner, Donaghue or McGrady; it was due to the skill of the experienced labor politicians in the Labor Council. If labor is to throw off the control of these leaders, it must be guided not by contempt for them, but by knowledge of their power, their tactics and their skill.

The Joint Strike Committee stood, from the beginning, upon three clear principles. It represented the principle of collective action on industrial lines, irrespective of separate craft or group politics. It stood for democratic control, submitting every important decision to a referendum of the membership of the striking unions. And it announced that it would arbitrate every question save that of union recognition in the concrete form of union control of the hiring and dispatching of marine workers. At all three points, it ran head-on into the classic principles of the Federation, which is essentially a clearing-house for the log-rolling politics of separate craft unions, under the autocratic control of an oligarchy, and historically committed to the policy of opportunistic compromise and under-cover evasions of any direct issue.

The spontaneous and international solidarity of rank-and-file labor was shown very early by such things as the teamsters' refusal (in the face of their official leadership) to handle goods from the waterfronts; by the refusal of longshoremen in Australia, Sweden, Holland and other places to handle goods loaded here by strikebreakers; and by the pledge of the striking longshoremen not to go back to work until the demands of their fellow strikers were met. The answer of the Labor Council was, as Cantwell showed, to attempt to discredit the Joint Strike Committee and to outlaw the Marine Workers' Industrial Union from any share in the control of the strike. The next move was the flight here of J. P. Ryan, international president of the Longshoremen's Association, and his attempt to negotiate a "separate peace" with the shipowners. He first tried to get the separate ports to make independent settlements; then, with the president of the Teamsters' Union underwriting the promise, he agreed to send the longshoremen back to work at once, without reference to the other striking unions, under a compromise plan which would, he explained, permit them to organize gradually and under cover without making an issue of the closed shop. The whole nature of this agreement revealed the familiar policies of the Federation, and drew the battle lines between it and the strikers with unmistakable precision. Repudiated by an overwhelming vote, Ryan went home, declaring that the strike was in the hands of "irresponsible Reds," and that he washed his hands of it.

Meantime, the enemy on the other front—the Industrial Association, a sort of permanent strike-breaking committee of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce—had succeeded in having so much blood spilled in its ridiculous attempt to "open the port" that the acting Governor felt justified in making the campaign move he had frankly contemplated even before Rolph died: he ordered out the Guard. This, by fanning rank-and-file labor sympathies to the pitch of a general strike, precipitated the second major engagement between the ranks and the leaders of labor. Everyone knows now that the so-called general strike did not fail, and was not "crushed": it was deliberately aborted by the Labor Council officers in San Francisco. Their capture of it, by the time-honored devices of committee government, should show that they are neither inept nor ridiculous, but shrewd and confident. Sidetracking the real leaders of the strike, they railroaded, through a packed assembly, resolutions which were significant for two things: they failed to state any objective for the strike; and they demanded that labor surrender its cause to the government. Then the strike was called off, and the men ordered back to work, their minds bewildered, their great weapon spent and their public alienated.

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In demanding that the strikers submit all issues to arbitration, the Federation revealed its true historic role. For by this time it was beginning to appear that the President's Board, although about as inappropriate a body as it was possible to select, was inclined to give the strikers all they had asked, even to the complete control of the hiring halls. But even if they had guaranteed in advance that they would grant every demand of the men, the issue would have remained as to whether the strikers or the government was to have the prestige of the victory. A victory for the strikers by the government would still be a defeat for labor. The question was whether the settlement of the dispute should be a step toward industrial democracy or a step toward the corporative state; and the Federation demanded the latter.

I do think that Bridges and the Strike Committee scored very significant advances for labor. They succeeded in maintaining the principle of democratic control; they won their fight for simultaneous consideration of the demands of all the striking unions; and, however the arbitrators decide the question, they have made paramount the issue of union recognition, the issue as to whether or not labor has an identity and a voice of its own in the conduct of the shipping industry. But the victories of the Federation were no less significant: it upheld its principle of outlawing sympathetic strikes, *i. e.*, labor solidarity; it handed the interests of labor over to the state; and it further intrenched its own position with respect to business and the press.

The identity of the issues in this strike with those in the other battles on the labor front today is as obvious as their permanent historic significance. The echoes of the West Coast strike will rumble on in American labor history for many years to come. And it will have specific repercussions when the A.F. of L. convenes in San Francisco in October for the first great test of strength between the leaders and the rebels. It is up to the rebels, however, to study with respectful care the historic position and tactical strength of the leaders, if their rebellion is to issue in anything more permanent than a new conviction of their own superiority.

San Francisco, Calif. JOHN POWELL.

Were Cartoonists Anti-Democratic?

SIR: In the interests of accuracy I wish to call your attention to the fact that your reviewer, Mr. Newton Arvin, has based his review [The New Republic, May 9] of my book, "A History of American Graphic Humor," on a number of misstatements:

1. Mr. Arvin says, "Mr. Murrell ... stops at no point, not even at the end, to remark what his graphic humorists have mainly done, or—what is at least as interesting—what they have largely refrained from doing."

Had Mr. Arvin glanced at the last few pages of the book, in the section entitled "Conclusions," he would have discovered that I had summed up both the achievements and the shortcomings of our pre-Civil War comic draughtsmen.

2. Mr. Arvin says my book conveys the impression that "these native Gilrays and Goyas were overwhelmingly on the side of the gentlemen and the banks"; and he specifically charges that I have "turned up no graphic attacks on Alexander Hamilton and the post-Revolutionary financiers, no attacks on the aristocratic Anglophiles and Francophobes, no attacks on John Adams and his espionage acts, or on Nicholas Biddle or the first of the Astors or Commodore Vanderbilt, etc."

There are no cartoons or caricatures of Alexander Hamilton, favorable or otherwise, that I have been able to discover. For the rest, I would refer Mr. Arvin to illustrations 42, 74, 83, 115, 120, 122 and 124, for a caricature of Stephen Girard, a "Post-Revolutionary banker"; Albert Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury; William Charles' cartoon against the Anglophilic "Hartford Convention"; and the cartoons against Nicholas Biddle and the Bank of the United States. I have not found anything at all on the first Astor or John Adams; and Commodore Vanderbilt was not caricatured within the period of this first volume.

3. Mr. Arvin's conclusion: "Either Mr. Murrell has consciously suppressed such caricatures when he found them, or American humorous artists before the Civil War were as consistently anti- [illegible] to be utterly false; and since it is the theme of his review, I submit that it *is* not only misleading in its statements, but wholly unethical in its insinuations.

New York City. WM. MURRELL.

SIR: In reply to Mr. Murrell's letter, may I say (1) that the chapter in his volume entitled "Reflections" (*not* "Conclusions") is indeed an interesting summary, but that it is not interpretative in the sense of my criticism, which I am therefore prepared to repeat; (2) that I apologize to Mr. Murrell for carelessly neglecting illustrations 74, 83 (if the Hartford Convention is a real case in point), and 122; but that 42 (a caricature of the anti-Federalist Gallatin), 115 (apparently a caricature of a Democratic campaign parade), 120 (in which a figure cries to Jackson, fighting the monsters of a nightmare: "Cum along to bed again, Jineral, I tell you Biddle ain't here, nor the devil nother"), and 124 (in which Jackson and Benton are represented as quack doctors) do not seem to me to invalidate my remarks; (3) that three illustrations out of 237 seem to me not to reduce my statement—that the bias of these caricatures is overwhelmingly anti-democratic and friendly to privilege—to the utter falsity which Mr. Murrell imputes to it. In any event, my strictures, it seemed to me obvious, were mainly directed not against Mr. Murrell himself (whose labors on our early graphic humorists deserve the gratitude of students of American culture), but against the artists themselves and their apparently quite general failure to pillory the forces in American life at the time which really deserved the blows of the pictorial satirist. If this, or any other statement in my review, is an unethical insinuation, I am extremely sorry for it—but wholly in the dark.

Northampton, Mass. NEWTON ARVIN.

Extracts from Letters

THE Frankfurter Zeitung takes exception to the quotation in the article by Celia Strachey and J. G. Werner, "A Mirror of Nazi Marvels," The New Republic, July 4, in which the statement that the Old Testament is a book fit for swineherds and muleteers is ascribed to that paper. The statement, the Zeitung says, was printed in its pages simply as part of the report of a speech of Dr. Krause in Berlin.

California readers will be interested in the candidacy of Leo Gallagher for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of that state. Esther McCoy of his Campaign Committee writes us that "Gallagher was a professor for nine years at Southwestern University, being dismissed from that institution for what the dean of the Law School called his insistence on defending political minorities. He is on the Executive Committee of the Los Angeles branch of the American Civil Liberties Union and has for several years been an attorney for the I.L.D. He was associate counsel in the last Mooney hearing; and at the request of Dimitroff's relatives he went to Germany to assist in his defense in the Reichstag fire trial. One of his opponents is Emmet Seaweli, one of the judges responsible for the unfavorable decision in the case of the petition of Warren K. Billings for recommendation for a pardon, where that court whitewashed the notorious frame-up of Mooney and Billings by the police and district attorney's office. Some of the well known persons endorsing Gallagher's candidacy are Theodore Dreiser, Granville Hicks, Mary Heaton Vorse, William Gropper, John Howard Lawson, Joseph Gollomb and Samuel Ornitz. Gallagher is not endorsed by Harry Chandler's open-shop Los Angeles Times, the fascist Better America Federation or the American Legion"

Mrs. C. N. Edge, chairman of the Emergency Conservation Committee, New York City, writes us that by reason of the drought in the West the condition of wild fowl is most precarious. Their feeding grounds are completely destroyed over wide stretches of country and unless some alteration is made in the shooting regulations the already decimated flocks are threatened with extinction. Mrs. Edge particularly urges conservationists to write to the Secretary of Agriculture to forbid at least the use of bait- [illegible] in the coming season.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Benefit Show

BOOKS like this[1] are compiled and published for people who like to think they are getting a lot for their money. What Mr. Van Doren offers us is no mere novel or biography or critical essay, completed as a manuscript of forty or fifty thousand words and printed in big type with wide margins and blank pages between chapters to make it look like a full-size book: here instead (and for practically the same price) is the whole pageant of American prose for the last twenty years—here (step up, ladies and gentlemen) are sixty living or recently buried authors (count 'em, sixty)—here are "twelve episodes from famous novels; four novelettes; seven distinctive short stories; six chapters or sets of chapters from notable biographies or memoirs; ten portraits of actual persons (a particular feature); ten studies of places; six studies in literary criticism; the best American war play, 'What Price Glory,' given in full"—here are 939 pages close-packed with the best, the most distinctive or notable (together with short biographical notes on the sixty authors)—here, ladies and gentlemen, in a big, red, cloth-covered nutshell, are half a million words, and all for the price of admission, only $2.75 including government tax, fun for the whole family and it only costs as much as a single balcony seat to a benefit show. . . .

And those are the two words I was hoping to find. This anthology of contemporary American prose writers, in all its lavishness and lack of method, reminds me exactly of the shows that are slapped together for the benefit of such popular charities as the Jewish Actors' Fund. The posters that advertise these shows (like the jacket of "Modern American Prose") consist almost entirely of a list of names—George Jessel, Eddie Cantor, Ethel Barrymore, serious and funny names, but all of them big, impressive, known to the public at large. On the evening of the performance, dozens of headliners appear on the stage successively, each acting his favorite part or cracking his favorite joke. There is no plot or plan, not even a rehearsal; the show is almost certain to be unwieldy and uneven, but everybody has the privilege of seeing his favorite actors in the flesh. . . . Mr. Van Doren has put together a book on what appears to be the same principle. He has chosen the names of sixty star performers in American prose; he has persuaded each one to act in a characteristic role; and the audience can say, "It's Hemingway, I recognize him because he's hard-boiled. And Hergesheimer juggling words and Dreiser dropping them and Mencken heaving bricks at William Jennings Bryan—why, they're all here, I know them all."

Of course, anybody can see that the show has its faults. There is no stage manager, but only an impresario who allows the most ill assorted performers to appear together and contradict each other, and this without his offering a word of explanation. Apparently he wants to be broad-minded and fair to everybody, but his personal judgments are revealed in the amount of time he gives to each actor (Branch Cabell and H. L. Mencken are the only ones to whom he allots a double turn). There are some curious omissions from his list of luminaries: it includes only one philosopher, George Santayana; only one historian, Carl Becker, and not a single writer on politics or economics or current affairs. Several of the prominent authors connected with the Book of the Month Club are prominently absent from this show given for the benefit of the Literary Guild. But some of the inclusions are more irritating than any of the omissions. A good many hams have been allowed to push themselves into this company of big-time actors, and a good many of the big-timers, too, have been chosen in roles in which they act like hams.

And still the audience has no right to complain. If they are bored by a tedious performance—by a heavy Ludwig Lewisohn monologue on the quasi-divine function of poets or a moonlight-and-molasses sonata by Floyd Dell—why, they can leave the theatre, have a quiet smoke in the lobby, order up a drink in the bar across the street, and then come back when the show is brighter again. In any case they can be sure of seeing a dozen brilliant turns and twenty more that are fairly distinguished. But the critics have a harder time of it, for they have to sit through every act, no matter how appalling, in the fear of missing something good if they stir from their places.

Here are some notes, most of them querulous, that I scrawled on the edge of my program as the performers followed each other on the stage:

"The Good Anna," by Gertrude Stein, is an excellent curtain-raiser. First published in 1909, the story had a direct or indirect influence on nobody knows how much of the serious fiction written during the 1920's. But Gertrude Stein is almost the only original writer whom I like less well than her hundred and one disciples and imitators. . . . Randolph Bourne expressed the more generous ideas of his contemporaries better than any other American critic; indeed, he expressed them too well, he was too much the man of his day. After fifteen years, even the best of his work is ceasing to touch our lives; we read it with a purely historical interest, if at all. . . . Van Wyck Brooks, just after the War, made the mistake of calling too insistently for works of genius. He was a good critic, but too hortatory. In those days Waldo Frank—I am quoting from memory—wrote that "criticism in its obstetrical function is needed in America and has not yet arrived." On the contrary, it seems to me that a dozen critics, with Frank and Brooks at their head, were acting the part of eager obstetricians, of man midwives. They gathered about the great unhappy body of the nation, they laid their spells upon it and adjured it to labor intellectually and bring forth a native American literature. When the baby was born, many of the doctors were looking the other way.

Reading Joseph Hergesheimer is like wandering in a dark room, among disembodied adverbs, and continually barking one's shins on genuine Duncan Phyfe furniture. . . . The selection from Sinclair Lewis is the story of Arrowsmith's adventures during the plague in St. Hubert. It is, I think, the second-best passage from Lewis for an anthology. Incomparably the best would have been his long description of how Mr. Babbitt got up in the morning. . . . George Jean Nathan has always been afflicted with the notion that indifference is the sign of the truly cultivated man. "I was born indifferent," he boasts in "The Code of a Critic," "and at forty I find myself unchanged in attitude. . . . The great problems of the world—social, political, economic and theological—do not concern me in the slightest. . . .

[1] Modern American Prose, edited by Carl Van Doren. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 939 pages.

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half the Russians were to starve to death the day after, it would not matter to me in the least. . . . My sole interest lies in writing." He used to write well, but lately his sole interest has been suffering from his lack of interest in anything else. He has succeeded in anesthetizing himself to so many human emotions that his writing has become completely anesthetic.

Thomas Wolfe's long "Portrait of Bascom Hawke," is better than anything in "Look Homeward, Angel"; it is probably the best piece of sustained prose in this whole anthology. But there are other good things, too: a chapter from "Ten Days That Shook the World," a well chosen passage from "The Enormous Room," a portrait of William James by Santayana, a novelette by Edith Wharton, a chapter from Constance Rourke's "Davy Crockett" that tells how Crockett after his death became a hero of American legend, how he thawed out the frozen sun and greased the lightning with elbow grease. . . . The selection from Hemingway is disappointing, for "The Killers" is characteristic only of his cheaper side, the side that is imitated by writers like James M. Cain. And the selection from Erskine Caldwell is just about the weakest passage in "God's Little Acre"; it is the story about the cotton-mill strike in which Caldwell suddenly and without warning goes proletarian. Incidentally this passage and a sketch by Albert Halper are the only contributions that deal with the American workers; the rest of the book is staunchly middle class.

What shall I say about the performance as a whole? It has good moments and bad moments, weak and strong selections. It gives the reader his money's worth, and more, but I don't think that it offers a careful or an adequate picture of American prose during the twenty years when our literature was ceasing to be a mere province of English literature and was beginning to follow directions of its own.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

A Symptom of Revolt

A Primer for Tomorrow, by Christian Gauss. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 308 pages. $2.50.

HERE IS a book of more than ordinary significance. It is an honest and courageous book, full of wisdom and learning and written with charm and simplicity. But its claim to significance resides in the fact that, according to the author's own analysis, it is a harbinger of social revolution.

In discussing the symptoms of social revolution, Dean Gauss asserts that "there is one such symptom upon which nearly all students are agreed," namely, the "transfer of the allegiance of the intellectuals." By intellectuals he means journalists, lecturers, preachers, teachers, artists and authors. It is clear from his book that the dean of Princeton University frankly recognizes that the old order is passing and that the only questions remaining to the intelligent man pertain to the method of the transition and the character of the new society—its dominant loyalties and ruling purposes. Assuming the soundness of the premise, could any event record more clearly and emphatically the decay of capitalistic civilization in America than the publication of this book? It shows that the decay has already penetrated to the very heart of the inherited system of institutions, arrangements and conceptions.

In his diagnosis of the troubles of the present epoch Dean Gauss passes in review the great changes and movements of [illegible] of sanctions. the development of the idea of progress, the decline of religion, the rise of capitalism and liberalism, the advance of science and technology, and the rise and decline of nationalism. Out of all this has come a strange world in which life has lost its savor and the soul of the individual, like society itself, is torn by a deep conflict of forces. Communism and Fascism are responses to this situation, but both, the author contends, are utterly inadequate to the need—the one because of its alleged worship of material things and the other because of its effort to breathe life into the dead body of nationalism. Democracy also fails because it is without continuing purpose, is incapable of generating authority, and is therefore destined to pursue a policy of drift and uncertainty.

Dean Gauss finds the vital principle of civilization to be some inner spring or stimulus, some sense of purpose or mission that permeates the whole of society, releases energy, unifies action, gives meaning to life, and raises the "capacity of the individual to a higher power." With the weakening of this vital principle the greatest of civilizations, however powerful its outward manifestations, is certain to decay. Moreover, vitality cannot be restored by any juggling of social mechanics, by any rearrangement of the material elements in the cultural pattern—by the modification of the system of production and distribution, by the reconstruction of political institutions, or even by the increase of scientific knowledge.

History shows that the energizing principle may be supplied by such diverse interests as head-hunting, the waging of tribal warfare, the discovery of new continents, the humiliation of the infidel, or the search for the Holy Grail. In recent generations the peoples of the western world found meaning in the extension of the boundaries of the national state and the growth of mastery over nature in the production of material things. But since both nationalism and capitalism have now run their course, men can no longer find outlets for their creative energies in these realms. There is but one more world to conquer, says Dean Gauss, "the world of what for lack of a better word we must call religion."

There is unquestionably much of truth in this analysis. Our civilization is marked by innumerable conflicts and contradictions; it does lack any energizing principle; it is totally devoid of a great ideal or purpose capable of evoking the loyalties of men; it does place the emphasis everywhere on the search for sensation and on the acquisition, display and consumption of material things. All of this is true. And Dean Gauss has said it well and bravely. But the conclusion does not follow that the solution of the difficulty is to be found in an idealistic *tour de force*. In my opinion the moral decadence of the epoch, which the author puts in the center of the picture, is the inevitable result of the operation of the capitalistic system with its apotheosis of individualistic gain-seeking and its correlative tendency to maintain a general condition of economic instability and insecurity for the masses of the people. While the abolition of the system will not lead automatically to the building of a civilization of spiritual power and depth, it will at least clear the ground of the insurmountable obstacles that now bar the way. Indeed, if combined with the ideal of fashioning a world of justice and beauty for all, it should provide that inner spring of energy which is lacking in contemporary society. Moreover, in spite of what Dean Gauss says about Russian communism (he disposes of it as a manifestation of crass materialism), I believe that it is just such an ideal that is giving meaning to life in the Soviet Union today.

GEORGE S. COUNTS.

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Politics and the Pope

The Vatican: Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow, by George Seldes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 445 pages. $3.75.

THIS BOOK is shining treasure. It is the only English, modern, readable, lay account of the Vatican in existence, and everything is in it, from St. Peter's crucifixion in 67, told in a phrase, to the crusade of Pius XI against Soviet Russia in 1930, compressed into eleven approving lines. The incidental details with which Mr. Seldes decorates his encyclopedic research are infinitely curious and entertaining. Did you know, for example, that after a pope dies, the cardinal *camerlingo,* the highest Vatican official, is supposed to hit him three times on the forehead with a special silver mallet? Or that Cardinal Oreglia failed to use his mallet on Leo XIII, upon his death, thereby giving rise to a minor scandal? Mr. Seldes' story of the 1903 Conclave, in which Pius X was elected pope after forty-two ballots and days of high-speed politics, outlines a political struggle comparable only to the 1924 Smith-McAdoo Democratic Convention in Madison Square Garden. A chapter is given to a discussion of papal investments, which we are informed are almost exclusively in Italian stocks and bonds. Mr. Seldes, with justice, points out that this concentration upon Italian securities has the effect of making it extremely hazardous for the Vatican ever to oppose an existing Italian regime.

In the last third of the book, Mr. Seldes considers the Vatican's European policies. Here one is left with the feeling that Mr. Seldes does not face up to the problem of Fascismo. He tells the moving, somber story of the crushing of Don Sturzo's Partito Popolari Italiano by Mussolini—events which Mr. Seldes observed at first-hand. He tells of the wiping out, last year, of the German Catholic Centrum by Hitler. But that Fascismo has, in appearance, at one stroke destroyed the Vatican's whole political reason for being, he heatedly denies. Defiantly he writes: "It [the Roman Church] will undoubtedly see the day when even Fascism will be a word without a meaning. . . ."

Maybe so. But the question remains whether the Vatican's temporal policies have not suffered a major, possibly a final, defeat. What were the policies of the great Leo XIII, policies that the Church has since consistently followed? The temporal influence of the Church, from the Renaissance onwards, came from its alliance with the national monarchies of Europe. Power shifted, however, after the French Revolution, from the royal courts and royal favorites into the hands of the banking and industrialist class. It was the genius of Leo XIII to perceive this clearly, and to attempt to transfer the alliance of the Church over to the new ruling class. The outward shapes that his policies assumed were the Christian-Socialist political parties and Christian-Socialist trades unions, which were consciously designed to act as a buffer against the rising threat (from the capitalist viewpoint) of Marxian Socialism. It is not unfair to say that Leo XIII's Christian-Socialist trades unions were equivalent in intention to our present company unions in America. This policy of alliance with European capitalism had great success. For two generations, the Church exercised a vital function in European politics. Particularly in Germany, the Centrum came to be the most efficient political weapon that capitalism possessed. Then came Mussolini and Hitler. The Italian ruling class, in 1921-22, might have chosen either Mussolini or Don Sturzo. Either man probably would have made Italy safe for business profits. The historical fact is that Mussolini was chosen. In 1931-32, the German ruling group had a similar choice between Hitler and Bruening, and they chose Hitler.

The important thing to notice is that in the traditional specialties of the Church—the education of the young, the organization of working-class morals and loyalties, the formation of dummy trades unions, the suppressing of "dangerous thoughts"—Fascismo offers a complete, rival line of goods. In appearance, it would seem as if the Vatican's political function in Europe (except for such minor tasks as the furtherance of Italian imperialism in Jugoslavia) had been entirely removed from it. I hope that Mr. Seldes writes a second book, as generous with fact and illuminating detail as is the present one, which will deal wholly with the Vatican-Fascismo crisis.

JONATHAN MITCHELL.

Union of the Sane Soviets

Russia, Youth and the Present-Day World, by Frankwood E. Williams, M.D. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 292 pages. $2.50.

SOVIET Russia has probably never made so quick and complete a conquest of anyone as of this distinguished psychiatrist, who just "dropped over" there to see what they were doing in his line. He says he was bowled over by what he found, so he went back later to see if it was true. The second visit was deliberate, slow and thorough; he traveled far and wide, snooped into everything; and that finished him.

The reason, which he does not state but leaves to a reviewer—the reason he "got" it, is that he was prepared to go. No radical, only a non-political liberal, he had been working professionally with American neurotics, "problem" children, unadjusted husbands and wives. Then he looked at Russia for their treatment of his diseases. And the Soviet Russians didn't have all those diseases! The conditions that caused most of our neuroses and psychoses had been cured over there by their social and economic system, which was not breeding neurotics to any degree any more. Our worries, our anxious competition, our financial profits and losses, our envious sense of insecurity were gone. So—he saw the point. The cause and the cure of his individual cases were both outside the patient and the doctor: they were social. Here is a book of his observations, and mark this well: the man is articulate; he can say things. He gives a picture of Soviet Russia that will bowl over his readers as it did him.

But he got and gives another picture. He learned "over there" to see the United States, and he sees—and sees through—us:

> Does it seem strange to you that only after the most courageous fighting has it become possible to make public announcement of epidemics? That there must be a *contest* over the matter of pure food and pure drugs? A *contest,* as yet unwon, over the control of narcotics? That there must be contests over such matters as proper housing, child labor, a living wage, workmen's compensation, unemployment insurance? . . . These are complex problems, you say. Do you really think they are fundamentally complex?

Their advancement is not only materialistic; that's what the Russians boast of and prize. And they don't particularly mention, they are not always harping on, what he calls their greatest achievement: the psychological and

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Two groups are particularly fascinating in Dr. Williams' treatment: children and women. He shows in clear and concrete detail how life is being built for Russian youth that shall make existence for them manly, useful, achieving, proud. He shows the happy, hearty, well adjusted children in all their life-relationships. And women! He shows how their "complexes," their feelings of guilt and the inner conflicts they go through, come from one kind of society, rampant now in Italy, Germany and other nations; and how the adjusted woman "comrade," free of inhibitions, guilt and inequalities, is coming to be the Russian model. No woman in the length and breadth of America should miss Chapter Three. She will know herself and her world better after reading it.

In the stream of anti-Soviet books washing over us now, we all ought to read this simple, factual, understanding account of this doctor's personal revolution. And it's easy to read, because Dr. Williams can write. The present-day world becomes a less confusing place on closing his exciting interpretation of it. LINCOLN STEFFENS.

All Crump's Chillun

Beale Street: Where the Blues Began, by George Washington Lee. New York: Robert O. Ballou. 296 pages. $2.50.

THERE is something about the name "Beale Street," whether it is shouted from a stage by a blues singer or set in cold black type, that suggests glamor and wickedness and gayety. Visitors to Memphis invariably ask to be taken there, and I have known of fairly sober travelers stopping overnight in the town just to see Beale Street. It is greatly overrated, as a matter of fact, and is not half so exciting as New Orleans' Rampart Street, Baltimore's Druid Hill or even Memphis' own South Third Street.

Mr. Lee, who is a Negro business man of some prominence in Beale Street affairs, sets out to authenticate the gaudy street of song and fable and for about half the book he does a good job, journalistically speaking. He gives you an itemized account of why Memphis usually wins first place in the annual homicide statistics, and he pictures a thoroughfare populated with prostitutes, pigeon droppers, easy riders and people who come under the general classification of "characters."

The remainder of the text takes a form for which local custom has already provided an apt term. Fly-by-night promoters used to canvass the cities of the South and Middle West, compiling "who's who" volumes, with each of the town's elite paying a sizable sum to have his photograph printed in what came to be known as the "mug book." White folks were more susceptible than the blacks to this enterprise, and practically every hinterland library has such a book tucked away somewhere. Thus Mr. Lee's "Beale Street" becomes unhappily reminiscent, almost a third of it being an encyclopedic and flowery list of Beale Street's famous and notorious, from Bob Church, who used to be Mr. Hoover's patronage dispenser in west Tennessee, on down the line to Ten Dollar Jimmy, a former narcotic peddler now in prison, and several chapters are devoted to the many Negro insurance companies and burial societies.

The author takes considerable pride in relating the political achievements of Mr. Church, giving detailed accounts of the latter's work for Mr. Hoover and his numerous victories over the Lily White faction of Republicans, but he [illegible] tell you that the Negro Republicans virtually carried fully Mr. Church's close affiliation with Congressman Ed Crump, the absolute monarch of Shelby County politics, black and white. Mr. Lee is an active worker in the Crump-Church vineyard, and since he felt disposed to stray from Beale Street several times during the course of his book to discuss white politics, one wonders why he didn't attempt to explain how Mr. Crump's boys can get away with tricks that make him envied by all the political bosses in the country. LAURENCE BELL.

The Case for Internationalism

Introduction to World Economics, by Kemper Simpson. New York: Harper and Brothers. 311 pages. $3.50.

A WIDESPREAD study and discussion of the policy that the United States should adopt with regard to foreign trade was asked for by Secretary Wallace in "America Must Choose." Dr. Simpson meets this challenge by an able, well documented presentation of the case for world interdependence. He examines in some detail the industrial and banking structures of the four great world powers—the United States, Great Britain, Germany and France—and discovers, after long and patient research, that these economies are so inextricably interrelated that it is the sheerest folly to conceive of recovery in terms of one nation alone.

Many of Dr. Simpson's statements are striking, because it is so seldom that one finds a grasp of the great fundamental truths of economics. He presents statistics to show, for example, that the physical volume of production in the United States has never—not even in the boom year 1929—been sufficient to meet the basic needs of the American people. He concludes, therefore, that "sound economic planning, both national and international, should emphasize increased—not decreased—production, better distribution of national income . . . broadening markets for export surpluses by reduction of trade barriers, and a cessation of such deflationary policies as currency depreciation." The author also calls attention to the paradox involved in the widespread mania for the export of goods (real wealth) and the reluctance to send abroad capital that is merely the evidence of wealth; and ridicules the fear lest capital export enable the so-called backward countries to develop an industrial establishment of their own. It is a book that should be on the "must" list of every potential candidate for Congress. MAXWELL S. STEWART.

Books in Brief

Judaism, Christianity, Germany, by Michael, Cardinal von Faulhaber. Translated by the Reverend George D. Smith. Introduction by George N. Shuster. New York: The Macmillan Company. 126 pages. $1.50.

IN FIVE vigorous sermons in defense of the Old Testament, the head of Germany's Catholic Church takes issue with the new paganism of Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, the man whom Hitler made cultural dictator of the Third Reich. The Cardinal directs his attacks in the main against the following postulates of the official Nazi church: (1) that Christ was not a Jew; (2) that baptism does not raise the Jew to the level of the Aryan member of the Church; (3) that the Old Testament can have no place in Christian tradition and (4) that a Teutonic Church, free from [illegible] The Cardinal speaks in the

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language of the Church. But his reasoning is that of the historian who uses the past to prove that the concepts of the Nazi church must lead to social and moral dissolution. These addresses, which were delivered in St. Michael's Church during the Advent season of 1933 and have since achieved world fame, will appeal to Christians of all denominations as an excellent presentation of the religious and social outlook of a learned Churchman. The agnostic and the Jew who desire a clearer understanding of the forces at work will find in these pages a readable discussion of the Nazi problem from a new and interesting angle. L. L.

Vitality, by Boris Sokoloff. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 181 pages. $2.

This is a very readable account of some of the more recent investigations and discoveries in the rapidly growing science of biochemistry. Dr. Sokoloff received his early training in Tsarist Russia and, in addition to considerable work in endocrinology, has for many years specialized on cancer research. The best chapters in this volume deal with Lundsgaard's epoch-making discoveries on the function of lactic acid in the human system, especially with reference to fatigue, relaxation and immunization against infection. There are good accounts of the major glands—thyroid, adrenal, pituitary and sex—and well documented confirmation of their immense importance in the preservation of health and vitality. Dr. Sokoloff's tendency to employ teleological expressions ("dictatorship" of the cells, "duty" of the glands, etc.) must be fully discounted by readers who do not wish to mix ethics with science. H. W.

The Saga of the Comstock Lode, by George D. Lyman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 399 pages. $3.50.

The wealth of material on the Comstock fairly matches the fabulous riches of Sun Mountain in boom days, and Dr. Lyman has drawn from it at first hand to make a narrative of breadth, raciness and vigor. The Mountain remains the center of the fantastic story: men besiege it and die, or conquer, or riot through incredible changes of fortune as they seek to draw first gold, then silver from its depths. They resist famine, cold, Indian war, the ruthless cupidity of their own kind, and create as gaudy a passage as can be found in American history. Without losing the large perspective, Dr. Lyman has contrived at the same time to dramatize many an individual fate—that of the Grosches who first discovered the character of the "blue stuff," that of Comstock and a score of others. The sections on Mark Twain are particularly full. The whole narrative is adroitly cast against large events of the period. C. R.

Notes on Three Novels

Frederick Niven's "Triumph" (Dutton, $2.50) stands out somewhat from recent novels in the low-pressure group, if only for definiteness of mood and movement. It is quiet and unpretentious, but at the same time readable, and this is surely something. The story hovers for a time over the English colony in some South American port, then returns to Scotland and a theme with which Mr. Niven is more familiar: that of the widow whose desire to make a comeback in the tiny and snobbish world of her previous humiliation becomes an obsession, coloring the lives of her children. Characters and situations are simple, natural, unduly extended; they suggest reality without nearness, as though a fly were buzzing under a bell-jar somewhere in the back of the room.

LOUIS ADAMIC

. . . has written the tremendous record of social violence in America—and, by the addition of more than fifty pages, has brought up-to-date his full, dramatic history of the bloody strife which has marked the increasingly serious struggle between labor and capital in the mills and mines, on the railroads, on the docks and across the plains. Sinclair Lewis writes: "That this should not have a huge sale is a disgrace to the entire country."

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Although Ann Bridge manages to give more edge to her meanings and complexity to her subjects, in the end her "Ginger Griffin" (Little, Brown, $2.50) rises above dead level more from the irritation than the interest it arouses. In the light of this irritation you are able to see more clearly how the initial charm of the Chinese backdrop is killed by conscious exploitation, how the cloth of original strong character wears away to show the bare kitchen table of conventional romance. An English girl goes to China, where she loves horses and a poet, who loves the girl but not horses, and so marries elsewhere, leaving the girl to do likewise. Those in the English settlement move always in a world built obviously for one's own people, saying Frightfully, being terrific sports and firm with servants, and only seldom using a short English word where a nice French one would have done. Miss Bridge can write, get things in motion, and in general put it over for a while. Her book, purged of about half its pages and all its admiration for these stuffy little people, would be a fair novel.

Not so for "Maria Paluna" (Longmans, Green, $2.50), in which Blair Niles is here to say that once upon a long-long time ago there lived in Guatemala a daughter of a chief who had a romance with one of the Spanish conquerors of her people—Leon, foremost in battle, easy to look at, but rather slow in coming to the point. Miss Niles has brought in such a wealth of former fact and custom as to obscure her story, which would never have been very exciting anyway. Between fact and fiction, I do not know just where its appeal falls, but imagine that the whole thing raps smartly on the door of the Homeside Explorers' Club, which can here see far lands and know queer people, all for a trifling sum and no loss of sweat.

O. F.

Contributors

JONATHAN DANIELS, editor of the Raleigh, North Carolina, News and Observer, is a former editor of Fortune. He held a Guggenheim Fellowship in creative writing, 1930-31, and is the author of a novel, "Clash of Angels," published by Brewer and Warren in 1930.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY lives in Algona, Iowa. He wrote the article "Dillinger Puts on a Show" for the June 6 issue of The New Republic.

MARK VAN DOREN, author of five volumes of verse and formerly an editor of The Nation, has edited an anthology of world poetry, an anthology of American verse from 1630 to 1930 and "The Oxford Book of American Verse."

GEORGE S. COUNTS, formerly professor of Education at the University of Washington, Yale and Chicago, and at present professor of that subject at Teachers' College, is the author of numerous books on education and on related cultural and economic subjects, including "Bolshevism, Fascism and Capitalism," "Dare the Schools Build a New Social Order" and "The Social Foundations of Education."

JONATHAN MITCHELL, the author of "Goose Steps to Peace," is now a Washington correspondent.

LINCOLN STEFFENS, famous journalist and editor, now lives in Carmel, California.

LAURENCE BELL was born and reared in the South, where he worked on newspapers for four years. He is now living in New York City at work on a novel about, as he calls it, the "East Texas Bigotry Belt."

MAXWELL S. STEWART is an economist on the research staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Ludwig Lore, Harold Ward, Constance Rourke and Otis Ferguson.

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